

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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A TALE THE KING MAY REMEMBER

DOES THE KING REMEMBER THIS?

A TALE OF TWO BROTHERS

Exciting Message That Reached
the Police by the Thames

BOAT RACE DAY ADVENTURE

The police officer concerned in this story sends us the facts of one of King Edward's first adventures in the streets of London, a tale His Majesty would perhaps have recalled on Boat Race Day this year.

If so, he must remember the policeman who helped him that day and saw that he and his brother got a good view of the race.

He was on duty when the following message was read out in all the police stations near the race stretch of the Thames between Putney Bridge and Mortlake:

Will all ranks be on the alert to render every possible assistance to His Royal Highness Prince Edward and his brother, who have eluded their tutor and are on their way to the Boat Race? They were last seen at Victoria Station, where they booked for South Kensington.

Escaped From Authority

Later the police learned that they had been seen at South Kensington, taking tickets for Gloucester Road, and that at Gloucester Road they had entered a Wimbledon train. After that their track was lost. The Prince was then in his early teens, and we can well understand the glee of the two boys (the other was the Duke of York) at having escaped authority for a time; but they would not have seen much of the Boat Race if it had not been for our friend the policeman.

I was standing near Putney Bridge Station (he writes to us), making an entry in my pocket book, when I heard a boy's voice say: "We'll go this way, Albert." Looking up I recognised the young Prince. I also noticed that the way the Prince proposed going would have taken the two boys nearly two miles out of their way, and they would certainly not have seen the Boat Race that year.

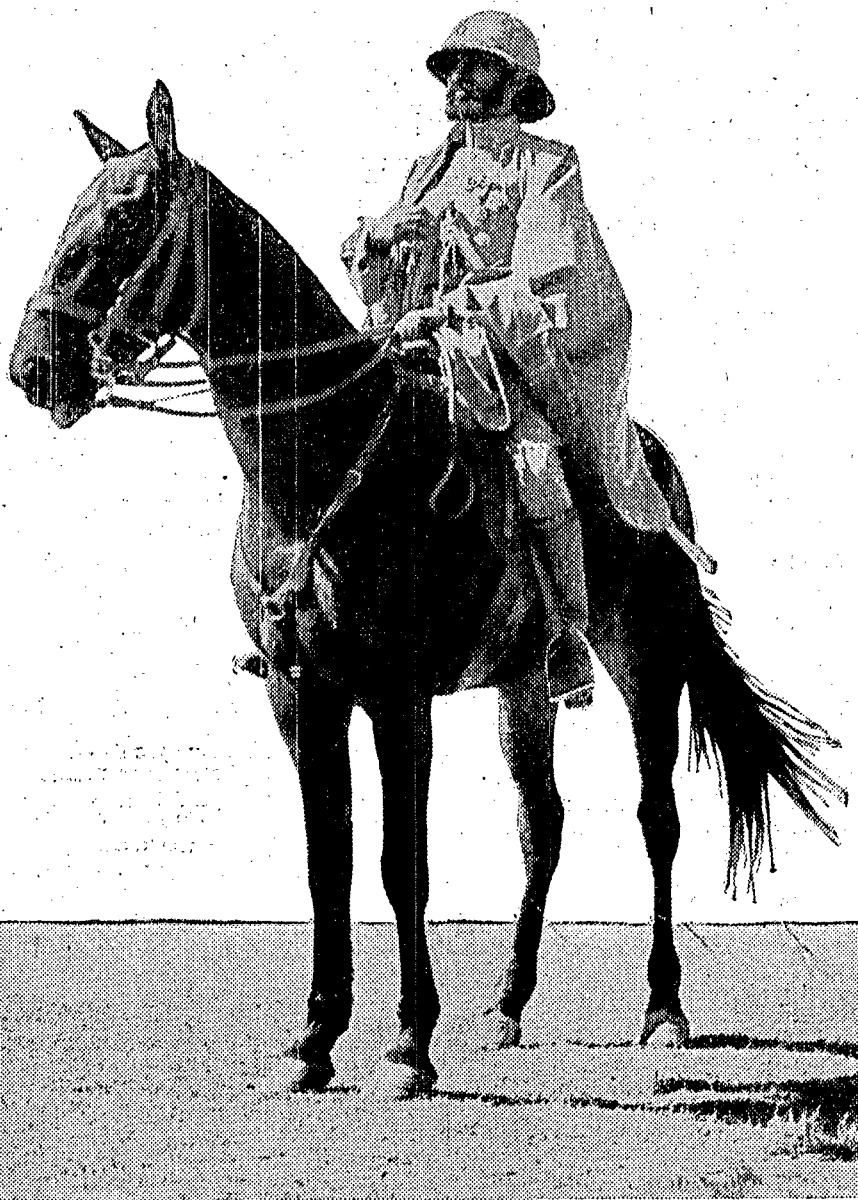
Dodging the Detective

So (writes our friend) I called out: "Not that way, Your Royal Highness." They turned at once, and the Prince came up to me and in a way that won my heart said: "I'd like you to take us there, sergeant, please, and then we shall not go wrong again."

I pointed out that if I went with them people might think they were two boys who had got into some mischief and were being locked up, and I suggested that they should go on slowly while I walked about five yards behind and told them when to turn.

In this way we dodged the detective who was waiting at the station gateway,

The Emperor in the Shadows



HAILE SELASSIE, EMPEROR OF ABYSSINIA

and on reaching the other side of Putney Bridge the boys began asking all sorts of questions about the race. How did it start? Was there a trophy to be won? Why was the barge called the mark-boat? I answered as best I could, and then told the princes to go down the steps and look for two men with peaked caps, wearing pilot jackets and standing near the blue police flag. These would row them to the police launch.

"I don't want them to recognise me," whispered the Prince as he turned with a smile to thank me. Both turned to wave to me as they went down the steps, and in a very short time they were being rowed across to the police launch by a sergeant who could hardly believe his eyes. They were recognised, of course, but it did not matter now, for they had achieved what they set out to do, and they had probably much more fun with the police than they would have had with their tutor.

GIVE A MAN A GOOD NAME

A Strange Tale That
is True

THE CAR THAT WAS TAKEN BACK

From a Travelling Correspondent

Some friends in Canada were talking of the many good things happening round about us every day, and before parting they arranged to meet again the next night to report on just one day's findings.

Among them was a French lady visiting Montreal, a friend of the C.N., and the tale she had to tell when the friends met the next night was the most inspiring tale of all. This is it.

I had planned to visit the harbour this afternoon (she said), but when I reached the bank of the beautiful St Lawrence I found that no street-cars ran the 16 miles to the harbour.

As I spoke of my disappointment to someone standing by a man came up and said to me: "I have my car here, and have time to take you there and back if you wish." I accepted gratefully and entered the car without more ado.

Trusting a Stranger

As we drove along the stranger introduced himself to me and added: "You did not hesitate to come with me; yet you don't know me. Are you not afraid?"

"No, I am not," I answered, "because it seems to me you stand for universal brotherhood. Why should I be afraid?"

The stranger stared at me, and then went on, obviously moved: "So you trust me. You think that there is some good in me? You feel it?"

I could not understand his emotion, but I assured him that I felt he was to be trusted, and even as I did so it occurred to me that I had not even looked at him before getting into the car.

We drove on. The man proved anxious to tell me all he knew about the harbour, its worldwide traffic in the summer, its huge storage buildings, its wonderful bridges, the islands, and so on. He spoke fluently, yet all the time I felt that his mind was elsewhere.

A Beautiful Experience

After two hours or so he asked me where I would like him to drive me back to. We reached the house I described, but as the car stopped before it my companion asked if I would shake hands with him. I gave him my hand, and he held it while he asked me once more: "You said that you felt some good in me, didn't you?"

"I certainly did," I answered.

He was thoughtful for a moment, and then, as if talking to himself, he said: "I thought I was a thief. But I am not. Of course I am not. I am going to take back the car."

We probably exchanged a few more words, but I do not remember them. Those other words were filling my mind, and I realised that I had had a very beautiful experience.

Venizelos

A Greek citizen who enjoys the C.N. in his Cretan home writes sadly to complain of our note on M. Venizelos.

There was nothing M. Venizelos aimed at, he says, less than the idea of Dictatorship, and it was very much against his will that he sanctioned the military revolt last year, his final approval being given to save a difficult situation.

We are glad to give our Greek friend the opportunity to express his appreciation of a great Greek, though we cannot retract our view that by this last public act Venizelos added himself to the troublers of a world full of troubles, and must be held responsible if this disturbed the trust his English friends had reposed in him. Notwithstanding this, we do agree, of course, that Venizelos was the maker of Modern Greece, and a true patriot whose passing a whole nation joined in mourning.

42 ROOMS OLDER THAN THE PYRAMIDS

WHAT WAS IN THEM
Remarkable Discoveries in the
Sands of Egypt
A ROPE OF 6000 YEARS AGO

Civilisation in Egypt is older than was ever thought possible.

In a cemetery round the oldest pyramid, the Sakkara Step Pyramid of the Third Dynasty, have been found objects of art and industry proving that Egypt was civilised long before the earliest date hitherto known.

A few years ago a tomb at least 2000 years older than Tutankhamen's was opened there. Robbers had stolen its contents, but it was remarkable for the light it threw on Egyptian methods of cutting stone. The empty tomb belonged to the First Dynasty.

The excavator died five years ago, and nothing was done until recently, when Mr Emery of Liverpool, working with Dr Reisner of the Boston-Harvard expedition, discovered 42 storerooms associated with the tomb with all their contents undisturbed. They are cut into the rock and panelled with brick. In one room were jars for wine, in another vessels for fruit, in a third grain, and so on. On all the vessels the nature of their contents was written in black ink, while mud seals bear the names of the tomb's occupant, the Vizier Hemaka, and of his King, Zer.

A Vivid Scene

These names also appear on ivory labels and a wooden tablet together with hieroglyphics of the most primitive character. There were also some remarkable discs, one with white stars on alternate black and red circles, another of limestone engraved with vivid scenes of a dog hunting an antelope.

Among the tools and weapons were sickles of flint, long flint knives sharp enough to cut wood with ease, small scrapers as keen as razors, an ivory spear, a quiver of bull hide, bone arrows tipped with flint and ivory, and horn handles which probably belonged to copper adzes used to shape the walls of the burial chamber itself, the earliest known marks made by a copper instrument.

But perhaps the most interesting thing found was a coil of three-ply rope made of the finest quality of flax, the oldest rope in the world. All the storerooms have not yet been examined, so that other fine examples of this civilisation of 6000 years ago may be found.

CAN A GIRL RULE A CLAN?

A delightful survival of old-time customs and traditions is leading to an action before the Lyon King of Arms, who is asked to decide whether a girl can be chieftain of a clan and include in her coat-of-arms the crown and crest proper to such a distinction.

The official appealed to has sole jurisdiction as representative of the Crown in Scotland, and he is asked to say that Miss Maclean of Ardgour, a girl in her teens, can succeed her father as chieftain of the whole clan of Macleans.

A novel point is raised. The young lady's opponents say that the Macleans must have a man as chief, and urge the claims of two male Macleans in preference to hers. As the clan Macleod and the clan Foulis have each a lady as chief the first point seems decided.

It is very interesting to find these survivals of feudal days and of times before feudalism. Once the entire Scottish nation was grouped in clans. Men followed the head of the family whose name they bore. Clan allied with clan to fight other clans united in hostile combinations. Rivalry and jealousy kept the country in a constant state of petty civil war.

VICTORY BY POISON - STRANGE NEIGHBOURS GAS ON THE RIVIERA

THE GRAVE QUESTION
BEFORE EUROPE

League Covenant and
Civilisation Itself at Stake

PRIME MINISTER'S WARNING

The heart of the British people has been deeply moved by the spectacle of a small nation of backward people crushed in a cloud of poison gas poured down on them by a powerful enemy which could not defeat them in open war.

Whatever the fate of Abyssinia may be, the British people believe that the fate of Europe and of Civilisation itself is involved in this terrible situation.

Methods of Barbarism

It is almost impossible in these days to predict what will have happened when words written on Monday are published on Thursday; and before these words are read the League of Nations will have considered the grave problem of Italy's methods of barbarism in Abyssinia. Those who hoped the League would be able to end the war must inevitably be disappointed, but there is still no need to believe that the League will be helpless. The sanctions which failed to stop the fighting may still be made powerful in shaping the peace. Unless some means is found of saving the Covenant from the attacks of Signor Mussolini the League is at an end and war is triumphant.

We may be sure that, however difficult the situation is made by the fact that three Great Powers are out of the League, and that France is only half-hearted in its support, the resources of civilisation are not exhausted. The day must come when some means will be found of proving that an unjust and barbarous war can bring no victory.

Italy's Excuses

There is now no doubt whatever of the foul means by which the Abyssinians have been crushed. The British Government has declared that the Italian reply to charges of bombing the Red Cross is made up of mere excuses. The use of poison gas has been proved. If Italy is now in a very strong military position it is because, not being able to conquer Abyssinia by fair means, Signor Mussolini sought to conquer by foul.

The great fear that has come upon the world is that what has been done in Africa might some day be done in Europe. Twice Italy has set the world a new example of barbarism in war. It was the first country to drop bombs from the air, and it is the first country to attack women and children with poison gas. Italy has done this in Africa, and Mr Baldwin has spoken plainly of what might happen if such methods were tried in Europe.

What Mr Baldwin Said

If the nations of Europe should go back on their word and use poison gases, said our Prime Minister last week, it would be the end of all civilisation.

If such a thing were done, when that war came to an end the raging peoples of every country, torn with passion, suffering, and horror, would wipe out every Government in Europe, and you would have a state of anarchy from end to end of it as man's protest against wickedness in high places.

The urgent question that must now be faced is how to find a way of preventing a war of aggression from being made into a war of victory by these foul means. The League must find a way, or must end itself in its present form and become a new body with powers that it can carry out.

It is the first momentous experiment the League has made in stopping a war

The Monks of St Honorat

There have been many storms over the Mediterranean of late, but now we must tell of a storm of wind and sea, not a storm of war.

It wrecked the Saint Elme, a small cargo boat, on the rocky isle of Saint Honorat. The crew sent up distress signals, and were thankful at last to see a boat coming to the rescue. They were not as surprised as English folk would have been to see that the rescuers were monks.

Perhaps it is a little hard that England should know all about Cannes, the pleasure town, and almost nothing of Saint Honorat, one of the Iles des Lerins, lying so near to it.

On Saint Honorat stands an old monastery which deserves to be much more famous than the Casino at Cannes, and almost as famous as the Hospice of Saint Bernard in the Alps.

The monks of Saint Honorat have made gallant rescues over and over again. They are lifeboatmen well known to the sailors of those parts. Many a time during the centuries have seamen stood steaming before a fire in the monastery, while the brothers ran to bring them hot soup and dry clothes.

Strange neighbours are these monks of Saint Honorat for the folk who flock to Cannes and spend the nights in its Casino.

THE SUBSTITUTE RACE

Not Very Promising

One in three of the cars competing in Italy's 1000 miles road race, the longest in the world, was driven by one of the fuels which Signor Mussolini is trying to substitute for petrol.

Twenty of the cars used charcoal gas and four different blends of alcohol and fuels distilled from asphalt. Mussolini's chauffeur drove a six-cylindered car on a mixture of ethyl alcohol and castor oil.

None of the gas-driven cars was successful, the race being won by a petrol-driven car in the record time of 13 hours 7 minutes 51 seconds, an average speed of about 76 m.p.h.

Continued from the previous column

waged by a Great Power. It has been difficult because the League is only half a League so long as America, Germany, and Japan are out of it, and it is specially difficult because France, though anxious to apply sanctions to Germany for sending troops into the German Rhineland, is only half-hearted in applying them to Italy for making an unjust war on another nation in the League.

But clearly the League cannot exist if its Covenant and all its treaties are to be scraps of paper, if all the rules of war are to be broken. One of the greatest things that has happened in our time is the building-up among all nations of the determination to stop war as a means of national policy. It is the only hope for peace and security that nations should be true to this resolution.

It is this idea that Italy is fighting against, and unless the League can uphold it there is no alternative but to return to a state of things in which war may break out anywhere, with terror as its chief weapon, bombs falling from the skies and poison blowing on the wind.

It is to stop this that the British Government is fighting, and in its efforts to stop it the Government has called upon the League to do its utmost, to carry out the Covenant, and upon France and Germany to do their utmost to come together. Herr Hitler, said Mr Baldwin last week, can do more for peace than any man alive, and we may hope that in this hour, when one dictator has filled the world with fear, Herr Hitler may respond to our Prime Minister's appeal and set himself among the great immortals who sought the good of all mankind.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

The insurance of the Queen Mary costs about £1000 a day.

Imperial Airways has this week started its longest and fastest regular daily service, from Croydon to Budapest.

Venice has experienced its highest tide for 24 years, causing the flooding of buildings and the failure of the electricity supply.

Over 700 whales were marked during this season's whaling research voyage in the Antarctic on board the Royal research ship William Scoresby.

Liverpool is being urged by Mr Robert Gladstone to give up its heraldic bird, the liver, and have an eagle, as in fact there was never a bird called a liver.

The King, standing on the steps of St George's Chapel, Windsor, spoke to 1000 Boy Scouts in connection with the Scout celebrations of St George's Day.

The railways have introduced again this year the popular weekly holiday season tickets which allow travel within a hundred holiday zones at a cost of about ten shillings.

WAR CASUALTY

John Barnard has lately died from war injuries after battling with ill health for about twenty years.

At Delville Wood he was badly wounded in the arm, and lay for three days and nights without food in No Man's Land. It was long impossible to rescue him because of the unceasing fire, and by the time he was taken to a dressing station the wound was so badly infected that he never entirely recovered. On his return to South Africa he was constantly obliged to travel to Capetown for surgical treatment. It was after his 33rd operation that he passed on to a better world.

A FINE WOMAN

More than a generation after Dr Creighton, Bishop of London, passed from the scene of his labours, his wife has followed him.

He was a historian whose life of Queen Elizabeth is still unsurpassed, and a churchman of high dignity and influence. Mrs Creighton wrote not on history but on the economics of the household; but no woman ever gave more devoted service to her Church; and she laboured for it to the end of her long life of 85 years.

THE BUDGET

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has introduced his fifth Budget this week, providing for the spending of about £800,000,000, and covering the biggest increase in the cost of defence since the Great War years. Fortunately for us all there has been a great increase in prosperity, and the Chancellor is reaping not only a bigger income tax but a bigger yield in Customs revenue.

THINGS SAID

What seems to be wanting in youth is the sense of obligation.

The Archbishop of Canterbury

It is the tinpot things that cause the trouble.

Mr Herbert Morrison

A family of eight lives in one room almost under the shadow of St Paul's.

Alderman George Isaacs

Boys want to leave school to get away from make-believe to actuality.

Lord Eustace Percy

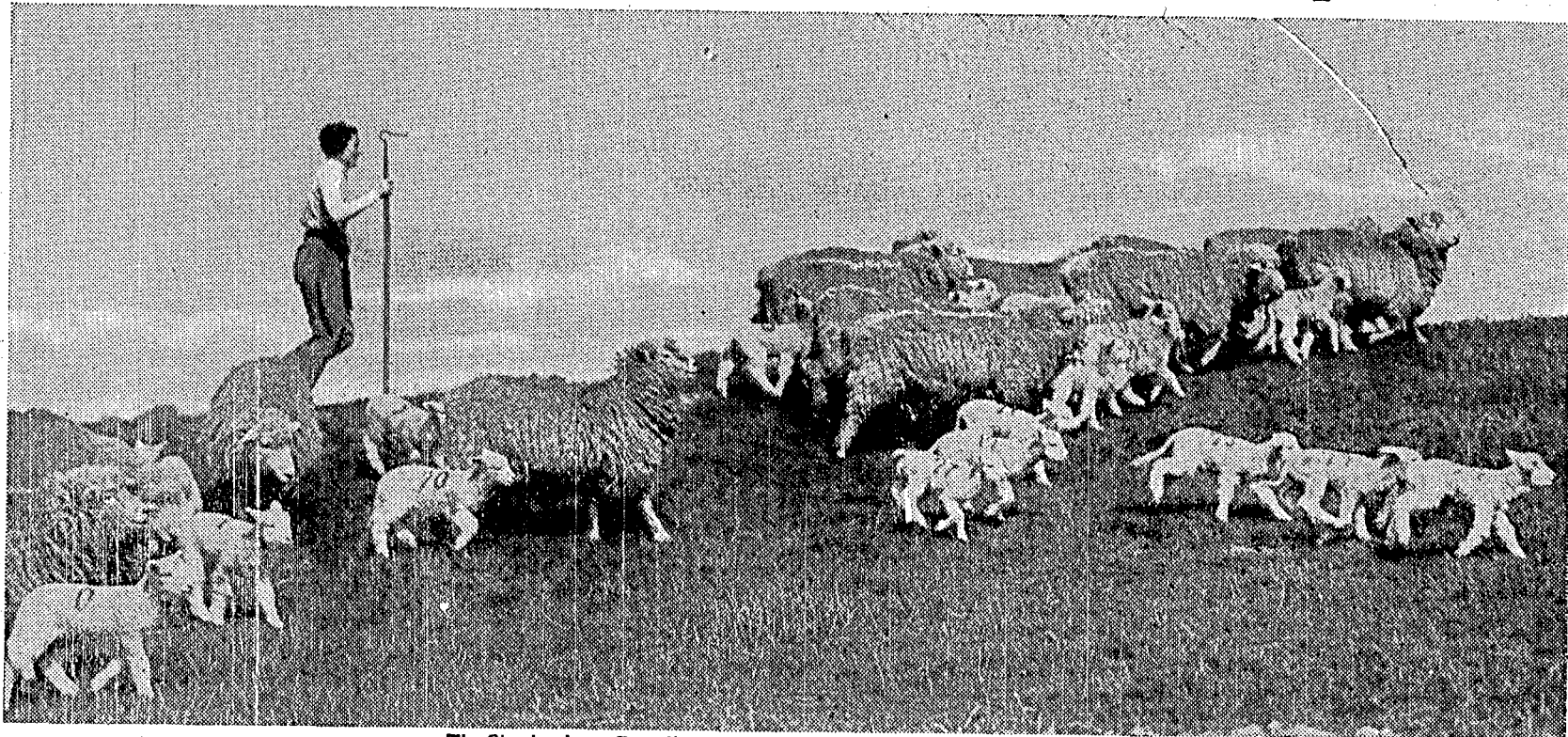
Since 1914 I have never seen the pageant of the blossom from the first damson to the last apple.

The Prime Minister

Surely Mussolini's war on Abyssinia is already the dirtiest war in history.

Schoolmaster's letter to the C.N.

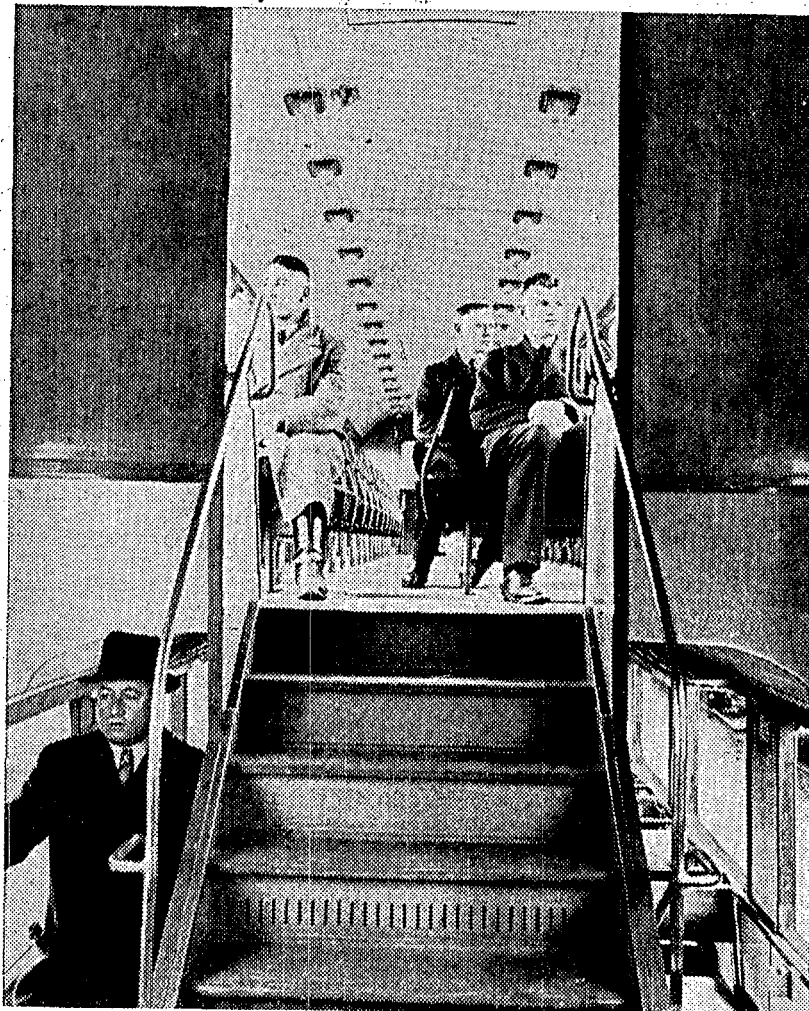
Early Cricket • Two-Deck Train • The Shepherdess



The Shepherdess—Rounding-up the sheep on a farm at Herne Bay in Kent.



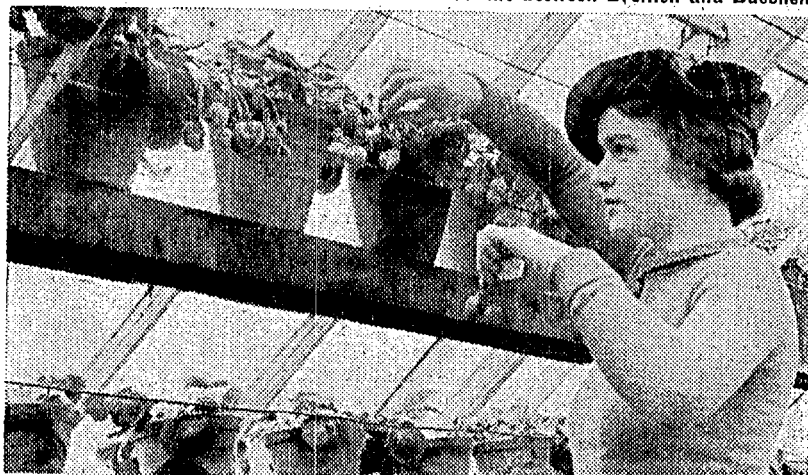
A Modern Road—Riders on the special track for cyclists passing the new ray-controlled traffic-signals on the St Helier estate at Morden.



Upstairs on a Train—This double-decker railway coach, accommodating 300 passengers, is a novel innovation on a German line between Bremen and Buechen.



Cricket on the Green Again—Play started early on Frenchay Common near Bristol.



The First Strawberries—Picking the fruit in a nursery at Forgandenny in Perthshire.

KING CRICKET BACK AGAIN

OUR INDIAN VISITORS

County Competition Likely To Be Keener Than Ever

YORKSHIRE'S PROSPECTS

At Lord's and the Oval, at Old Trafford and Trent Bridge, the nets are up. Cricket is about to begin.

It has begun in many a place besides the county grounds, for bat is meeting ball already on village greens and patches of greensward, and even in the London side streets where children play. But the serious business is with the counties, where the bowlers are loosening their arms and the batsmen are looking to their footwork to meet the Indian attack in the coming summer and the Australians next winter.

This year the Indians are our visitors, and we may hope for better results in meeting them than we produced against the South Africans on our own wickets last year. South Africa won one and drew four of the Test Matches played. The Indian Eleven will play three Test Matches instead of the one arranged for them when they challenged English cricket seven years ago.

India's Best All-Round Man

They are to be captained by the Maharajah Kumar of Vizianagram, a hard-hitting bat, who will be supported by C. K. Nayudu, India's best all-round man, and S. Wazir Ali, a batsman any side would be proud to have. He led the All India team which beat Australia's second eleven twice when they were touring India in the past winter.

The strength of our visitors is in their all-round ability, and, though it ought not to be enough to beat England, it should give some of the counties food for thought. Mohammed Nissar is a fine fast bowler, though not so young as he was when he took 73 English wickets in 1932; P. E. Palia is a left-handed slow to medium and bats steadily; and M. B. Jilani is another all-rounder, a medium-paced good-length bowler, who for three years has scored 1000 runs in Indian cricket.

The English Counties

D. Hindlekar is India's best wicket-keeper, Mohammed Hussain a very steady bat, C. Ramaswami a left-handed hitter, better known in England as a lawn-tennis player, and all the team field well. If they do not make runs they will save them.

After the visitors come the counties; and, as the best men of their elevens will be competing for a place in the English team to visit Australia, the county competition will be keener than ever.

Yorkshire comes first, and as they have come back from their tour in Jamaica without losing a match, a feat that the last MCC team dismally failed to accomplish, they will be expected to keep their place as champion county. A. B. Sellers will captain them; P. A. Gibb, who captained in Jamaica, is expected to play; and Sutcliffe, Mitchell, Barber, Leyland, Wood, Hutton, Verity, Bowes, and Smailes will rally in support.

Lancashire's New Captain

Notts will have Keeton back again, to go in first with Harris, as well as Hardstaff, who did so well in New Zealand. Larwood, who is to have a benefit, may be able to show some of his old pace, and Voce, Staples, and Heane, the left-hander, will contribute to a strong bowling and fielding side.

Lancashire's new captain is W. H. L. Lister. A New Zealander, C. S. Dempster, has made Leicestershire his second home and will captain their eleven. The Hon C. J. Lyttelton will captain Worcestershire, and Sussex with A. J. Holmes, Hampshire with R. H. Moore, and Northampton with G. B. Cuthbertson will all have new captains.

AMBASSADOR OF PEACE

A German Goes Home in a British Warship

For the first time since the war a British warship has entered Germany's chief naval harbour on the North Sea.

She was the Scout, and was taking home the body of Herr von Hoesch, the German Ambassador in London.

Like Prince Lichnowsky, the ambassador he was serving in London at the outbreak of the war, Herr von Hoesch was a great worker for peace between this country and his own, and was a very good friend to France. In 1924 he was appointed German Ambassador in Paris at the special request of M. Poincaré, and he represented his country there for eight years in spite of the drastic changes in Germany.

Only a week before he died he referred in a speech to the great goal at which we are all aiming, the bringing back of peace to suffering humanity. Then, in the midst of the peace talks taking place in London, he passed all too suddenly from his labours, and a sympathetic crowd watched his coffin carried from the Embassy to Victoria, with Mr Eden walking behind it.

BRAVE DEED OF 133 YEARS AGO

Reward For a Very Old Lady

An old lady of 98 has been linked to the days of George the Third in a way very gratifying to herself and to us all.

She has been given the assistance her old age needs in recognition of a deed of valour performed by her father 133 years ago.

In 1803, when we were at war with the French in the New World as well as the Old, Mr Gill, master's mate on H M S Racoon, on the Jamaica station, was commissioned to sail a small cutter to San Domingo, taking six men with him.

On his way he fell in with a French sloop, and hit on the daring plan of trying to capture her. The adventure reads like a tale of Captain Marryat, for Gill pretended to have greater force with him than he had, and, surprising the Lodi, took prisoner the captain and 33 French sailors.

This was the feat which secured promotion for the master's mate, and was the first step on a career which led him to the rank of admiral. He lost an arm on the way.

More than sixty years ago he left the sea for ever, but his bravery is still on the Navy's records, and in recognition of it his daughter has now received a reward from Lloyd's Patriotic Fund.

IN AND OUT OF THE WORLD TOGETHER

By a touching coincidence two old men, twin brothers, have died on the same day. Shock and grief had nothing to do with the passing, for one died in Scotland and the other in Sussex.

They were James McLean Marshall and Archibald Marshall. People will find in their deaths fresh confirmation of the belief that there exists between twins a strange secret sympathy which is stronger than that existing between most people who love each other. Sometimes it seems as if their minds are so well attuned that one twin unconsciously receives a message, almost like a wireless message, from the other. It is fairly common to hear of a twin who "felt sure" his brother was suffering, and afterwards found that it was true.

However that may be, the Marshall brothers have been spared the heaviest sorrow that can befall a twin, for both have left the world together, as they came into it.

STORIES OF CATS

Friendly and Intelligent Creatures

BACK TO THE OLD HOME

A Persian cat has just astonished the family it lived with by walking 100 miles back to its old home, from Bournemouth to Eastbourne.

Remote and beautiful and proud
She queens it in the firelight glow,
The little cat upon the hearth
Knowing what mortals cannot know.

Without a compass, map, or guide,
Although a hundred miles she roam,
And men in such a plight were lost,
The little cat comes surely home.

And that, her scornful eyes suggest,
Is knowledge that has truer worth
Than all the boasts of clever men
Who measure stars and weigh the Earth.

Many cat lovers are saddened by the aspersions cast on the moral qualities of their favourites by those whose sympathies lie in the other camp.

More than one great man is said to have hated and despised cats; yet we have just heard true stories, told by one who loves them, proving them to be not only intelligent but lovable creatures.

The ship's cat that by some mischance was left behind when the ship left the harbour, and boarded another boat and rejoined its own at the next port of call, may or may not have known what it was doing. Its friends declared it did. But there was another cat which was evidently out to see the world and changed boats when necessary.

A Great Traveller

It left Hamburg in a passenger boat for Buenos Aires, went on from there to Chile, changed into a tramp steamer which took it through the Panama Canal to New York, and there took a passenger boat back to Hamburg.

If this cat showed intelligence and a determined spirit of adventure another gives daily proof of devotion. Every afternoon at the same hour it walks to the station to meet a certain train by which its master is in the habit of returning from town in order to walk home with him.

A pretty story is told of two Siamese she cats. They had kittens at the same time, after which one of the two mothers was attacked by an illness which partially paralysed her hind legs. In spite of her lameness she carried her kittens one by one round to her friend, and laid them into the basket beside the other kittens. Then the two mothers had a little talk, whereupon the lame cat retired and left her offspring to the care of the other.

A Friend in Need

Once a day the invalid returned and fed all seven kittens. In a fortnight she was quite well again. Henceforth the two mothers brought them up together.

The next story is a pathetic one of a blind tom-cat which, too old and ill to move, lay, unknown to the house folk, in a corner of the cellar. Every day another tom-cat was seen to streak across the yard with a piece of meat or fish in its mouth and to disappear through a broken cellar window.

Investigations were made, and the blind cat was found surrounded by fish bones and other remnants of the food with which its friend had regularly provided it. Evidently friendship is not confined to human beings.

Yet another cat story comes to us from America. A Chicago lady sent her cat to an aunt who lived at Wilber in Nebraska, 600 miles away. Cookie the cat stayed for a month at its new home and then wandered away.

Meanwhile the original owner moved to another part of Chicago, but recently, walking past her old home, she saw a poor-looking cat which on closer inspection proved to be Cookie! Had Cookie walked the 600 miles home?

A VILLAGE SOLVES A PROBLEM

Tumbledown Cottages Become a Village Hall

VICAR'S DREAM COMES TRUE

Ashbury, a village with 500 inhabitants on the Berkshire Downs, has set a splendid example to other English villages.

It has converted a row of dilapidated 16th-century cottages into a village hall.

The six cottages, which formed a pretty group near the church, had been condemned by the local authorities as beyond repair for houses, and their removal would have caused an ugly gap which might have been filled by some building out of harmony with its surroundings. The vicar resolved that this should not happen, and asked the owner, Lady Craven, to give the site and the £300 she intended to spend on reconditioning the cottages to start a fund for altering them into a hall in memory of the Silver Jubilee.

The Council of Social Service made a grant and public subscriptions raised the fund to £800, and the hall has just been opened. The thatched roof, the 16th-century windows, and splendid timber have been retained, and the alterations to the structure have been made with the original stone. With its gallery the main hall will hold 150 people, and other parts have been adapted as club-room, dressing-rooms, and kitchen.

Ashbury has thus lost none of its charm, and it has gained a centre which will be a source of happiness for many years to come. The C N sends its warm congratulations to its splendid vicar.

SOUTH AFRICA AND THE NATIVES

Majority of the People Disfranchised

As has already been recorded in the C N, the Union Parliament of South Africa, by a majority of 169 votes against 11, has taken the vote away from the natives. The Union has about 1,900,000 white people (say 380,000 families) and some 6,500,000 natives.

It is impossible to view the "reform" with enthusiasm, and General Smuts, who voted for it, does not pretend to like what he supported. Mr Hofmeyer, a member of the Government, was in the minority of 11 votes.

As long ago as 1853 Cape Colony gave all her citizens the vote in the faith that it would be a civilising influence. Since then that faith has faded, and now there are few South African whites to do it reverence. The hard fact is that the white population of the enormous area grows little, and it is feared that the increasing blacks will swamp the Europeans.

For the equal vote to Parliament the new legislation substitutes the formation of a Native Representation Council, to which the natives will elect members. This Native Council will sit side by side with the Parliament as an advisory and deliberative body, and any Bill affecting natives is to be submitted to it before it is considered by the White Parliament. The natives can thus decide nothing.

The Union of South Africa has full right to make its own laws, and we can and ought to do no more than express honest opinion; but we cannot forget that the natives are denied not merely a vote but the land they need.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Epictetus	Ep-ik-tee-tus
Gemini	Jem-e-ny
Sendai	Sen-dy
Venezuela	Ven-e-zwee-lah

MILK IS BEST Right and Wrong Way To Spend Money

If a man goes into a restaurant with a shilling to spend and lays out 7½d for something that does him no good and may even harm him, and 4½d on something that is not only delicious but nourishing and good for him in every way, do we think him a sensible fellow?

We do not; we probably think he thoroughly deserves that only-half-alive feeling that comes over him afterwards.

Yet that is the way most of our people lay out their money when it comes to the choice between beer and milk, and the horror of it is that the shilling is multiplied 4656 million times in one year. Out of a total drink bill of nearly £233,000,000 only £83,000,000 last year went for good and nourishing milk; the rest went for beer. The brewer's profits have gone up from £16,000,000 to £23,000,000 in two years.

The Pennies of the Poor

When we study the food budgets of the poor we never can see where the pennies can come from to buy the extra milk they need. Thirteen and a half million people each with an income under 15s a week drink only 155 million gallons of milk in the year; yet they drink 240 million gallons of beer. Apparently the pennies are there.

In the whole country 15 million gallons more beer than milk is consumed in a year, and nearly £67,000,000 more is spent on it. The taxes on it provide nearly a seventh of the total tax revenue of the country.

We look at these staggering figures and are reminded of the words "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," but with the educational work now going on there will be no excuse for the next generation to be as ignorant as are the folk of today.

In the race of milk against beer we expect to see milk win by a good ten million gallons in another five years. Is every C.N. reader helping the right side to win?

BELGIUM IS GUARDING HER BEAUTY Stopping the Hoarding Advertisements

Belgium has taken a useful lead in controlling advertisement hoardings. The decree is the work of the new Minister of Public Works, Monsieur de Man.

Hoardings may in future be erected only in places 500 yards from roads and railway lines. Cross-roads are specially protected, and, above all, the beauty spots of Belgium are protected from all such desecrations. No hoardings are to be erected in tourist centres, or at the entrance to villages, or in many other places definitely scheduled.

This is something to rejoice in and we hope the example will be widely followed. No advertiser is harmed by such regulations; it is merely that his notices have to appear in more suitable places.

THE TURK AND HIS NAME A Drastic Order

Reform marches apace in the New Turkey.

From Angora comes news of an edict that all Turks are to adopt surnames forthwith and that all other peoples resident in Turkey, whether Jews, Greeks, or Armenians, shall adopt Turkish names. Heavy penalties enforce the edict.

Much labour is involved in the change, for many millions of records will have to be changed, including those on the identity cards which are now compulsory in Turkey.

The Peace Plans Before the Nations

It is remarkable that, with the shadow of war over the world, there are now before the nations of Europe two great plans for setting-up a Great Peace.

The following is a brief summary of the Peace Proposals of France and Germany

Hitler's First Plan

Formation of demilitarised zone each side of frontier.

25-Year Non-Aggression Pacts with France and Belgium; Britain and Italy to be guarantors, and Holland to join if she wishes.

A Western Air Pact.

Pacts of Non-Aggression with Eastern Powers.

Germany to rejoin League.

Hitler's Second Plan

Four-months standstill; nobody to reinforce Rhine frontiers.

25-Year Non-Aggression Pacts.

A Western Air Pact.

International Arbitration Court.

Germany to rejoin League.

Humanisation of warfare; ban on gas and bombs.

No war propaganda.

Economic discussions.

French Plan

Frontiers to be unchanged for 25 years.

League Commission to work out Pacts.

Punishment of treaty breakers.

League armed force against aggressors.

Disarmament, arranged by a League Commission.

European Customs Truce.

World Conference on markets and materials.

THE FRENCH PLAN FOR UNITING EUROPE

THE Plan France has submitted for the consideration of the world contains proposals of real value.

The broad lines on which the proposals rest are collective security, mutual assistance, disarmament, and cooperation in economic matters. The outstanding suggestion is that the European States should form themselves into an Association within the framework of the League, each State binding itself to respect the territory of the members, which cannot be modified without the consent of all, and not at all for 25 years.

A European Commission should be established to control the carrying out of treaties, all the States maintaining military, air, and naval forces at the disposal of the Commission. This international force would not only be behind treaties but would give security to any Power which had voluntarily limited its rights in the common interest: by reducing its armaments, for example.

All treaties and agreements existing at present in Europe, and all concluded in future, should be submitted to the Commission, which would be able to pronounce by a two-thirds majority that they were incompatible with the European Pact. If a European Pact is not possible there should be regional pacts.

Collective security having been organised by mutual assistance, the Plan proposes that all the associates should proceed to a wide measure of disarmament. It suggests that the European Commission, or another organ appointed by the League, should decide the

limitation of armaments in each State by a two-thirds majority. A dissatisfied State, however, might appeal to a permanent Arbitration Court, formed for the purpose by the League and charged with the duty of seeing that no danger of political ascendancy by a more powerful people over weaker peoples should arise.

An important part of the French proposals concerns the economic future of Europe, and a revision of certain colonial statutes is foreshadowed in this connection.

The basis of future cooperation must be a rational organisation of the exchanges with a preferential system which would promote an expansion of trade. Conditions in some European regions would be improved by a Customs Union. If an international convention should prove impossible, at any rate a European one should be established to protect the exchanges.

The double need for overseas markets for surplus European production and for sources of raw materials could be met by a new attitude between the States, who should regard each other as associates and not as rivals. The colonial statutes could then be revised so as to give equality of economic rights in a colony without affecting its political sovereignty.

These economic questions would have to be treated by a special section of the European Commission, and it is suggested that some of them might have to be submitted to a conference to which non-members would be invited by the League of Nations.

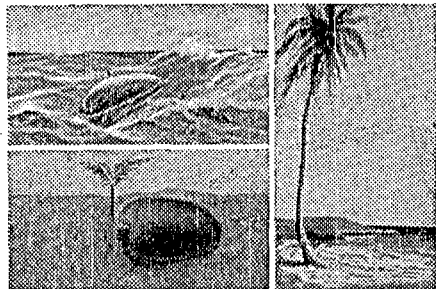
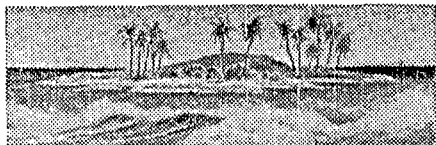
THE C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards and sent to C.N. Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4, one question on each card, with name and address.

How Did the Coconut Palms Reach the Island?

ON many tiny uninhabited Pacific islands flourishing coconut palms may be seen. How did they get there?

Many years before, on some larger island or on the mainland far away, ripe



coconuts fell to the beach and were caught by the rising tide and carried afar, until eventually they were washed ashore on some lonely little island.

The nuts became partially buried by earth and sand washing over them, and

then the seed began to sprout and the shoot made its way out of one of the eye-spots. Gradually the plant took root, and eventually became a handsome fruit-bearing tree.

What is Meant By a Piano Being Overstrung?

That the bass spun strings are stretched obliquely over the longest and "un-spun" ones. (The spun strings are those in the bass that have a fine copper string wound round them to give greater resonance.) It is sometimes called cross-stringing.

What is Check Action?

In grand pianos a thick wire is fixed in the back part of the key, behind the hammer, its duty being to catch the hammer when it falls a certain distance away from the string and hold it till released by the finger of the player, allowing the key to rise again. In upright pianos the check is placed before the hammer.

Why are Some Villages Given the Name of City?

The name occurs in many parishes in the south of England. It was probably given to a newly-built group of cottages. There are two 17th-century cottages in Bledlow so called. The Town is probably so named for the same reason, as it would scarcely have come down to us from pre-Norman times as the "tūn" or "tōn" of the thegn, or overlord.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH IS TEN

A Note By Sir Walter Scott

Princess Elizabeth has reached double figures; she was ten on April 21. Some day she may possibly be Queen of England, as the last princess of the great house of Tudor was more than three centuries ago.

When the world was rather more than a hundred years younger another little girl, the princess's great-great-grandmother, was the darling of the hearts of our ancestors, and it is interesting to know what men and women were saying in private about her.

Sir Walter Scott, invited by her mother, the Duchess of Kent, to dine, wrote in his secret diary: "I was presented to the little Princess Victoria (I hope they will change her name), the heir-apparent to the Crown as things now stand. This little lady is educated with much care, and watched so closely that no busy maid has a moment to whisper, You are heir of England. I suspect, if we could dissect the little heart, we should find some bird of the air had carried the matter."

How proud the immortal Scotsman would have felt could he have foreseen that in our day a countrywoman of his own would be the mother of a child who may come to mean to a future generation what the little girl with the name he disliked meant to his.

WHITE SNAKES OF DARKNESS

Four Newcomers at the Zoo

In a moist darkened recess of the Zoo's reptile house four fawn-coloured snakes sleep and wake.

They first opened their staring round eyes in far-off Malaya, where their kindred are held in an awe far removed from the curiosity with which they are regarded by the visitor to Regent's Park. They are sacred snakes from the Batu caves of Johore.

The Tamil natives have always resisted attempts to seek these strange creatures, and Mr Alban Smith, who succeeded in capturing them, had to do so by stealth. He and his companion groped their way for a mile into the cave, wading through an underground river lighted by their electric torches.

At last they came to where the snakes dwell in perpetual darkness. As the seekers approached the eyes of three snakes glittered in the light.

One raised its head to strike, two tried to slip away, the fourth was sloughing its skin. All were easily captured in sacks; for though so threatening in appearance they are not poisonous. They are about five feet long, with pale greenish heads and black streaks passing through eyes and tail. In the semi-darkness they look white, and, though their eyes enable them to hunt in the dark, they seem to see quite well in the daylight of the Zoo.

C.N. POSTER STAMPS

Entries for the C.N.'s great Mapping Test are now in the hands of the judges, and readers are asked to watch the C.N. carefully for announcements concerning the results.

Though the last date for sending entries has gone there still remains the most interesting collection of Poster Stamps, which is growing week by week. With the four stamps given this week half the spaces in the British Railways Album are now filled. Make sure of completing your collection by asking your newsagent to deliver the C.N. regularly. Four more Poster Stamps will be given to our readers next week.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 25

1936

What Shall We Buy
With Beauty?

THE growth of so much ugliness in England was caused by the abuse of the inventions which began in the eighteenth century and were thoughtlessly used to produce money which could be enjoyed away from the places in which it was made.

So the coal districts, the mighty magnets which attracted industry and workers, grew in grime and ugliness. The fairest prospects were destroyed. The finest families deteriorated in the smoke, cellars, and slums. Beauty was sold, for what?

What shall we buy with Beauty we have sold?

Let us buy Streets where pale unhappy men May never miss what they may never see; Let us buy Work to make men work again So that their souls forget their liberty. So shall men live distraught, and children fail, And none shall think to question Beauty's sale.

The years pass, and still we are slow to learn that beauty is the true wealth, and that those who sold her were destroying England. It may truly be said, however, that the new factories of the South and their accompanying homes, if they betray poor ideals, are an improvement on the Northern types.

But still the problem of the old damaged England remains. Where unemployment is rife there also are darkness and deformity. Mr Neville Brown, in a lecture to the Architectural Association the other day, spoke of what the C N has often spoken of, turning colliery dumps and disused works into useful and beautiful things. Instances of what can be done in this direction have been given again and again in the C N.

The president of the Institute of Landscape Architects, Mr Gilbert Jenkins, suggests that owners of derelict sites might hand them over to further the objects of King George's Jubilee Fund. Splendid recreation grounds might thus be made on a large scale, restoring both landscape and beauty. It is suggested that owners might give sites, while builders could help with rubble and soil, haulage contractors might carry, nurserymen present trees, idle men work, and everybody enjoy it all.

While reclaiming the old spoiled lands let us not tolerate the manufacture of fresh ugliness. It is impossible to express satisfaction with some of the new factory areas or the masses of small houses which surround them, for here certainly are new slums in the making.

A Ministry of Arts would be an inexpensive luxury, and it is certainly long overdue.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The March of Freedom

Wherever the Italian flag flies there can be no slavery. Italian Proclamation

WE may now hope to see a great setting free of captives in concentration camps, and a great lifting of chains in the offices of Italian newspapers.

Homage From Fiji

Still from odd corners of the world comes word of how the news of King George's death was received.

This extract is from a letter written by the District Commissioner of Lau, the most inaccessible spot in Fiji, to a friend at Suva, who sends it to us.

ON her return, the flag of the Andromeda was half-mast. On my asking why this was so Volau (the captain) and Pita (the engineer) looked at the floor.

It seemed very odd, and I came in again to re-read your letter. Then it was that I noticed your postscript that King George was dead. Well-brought-up natives will not speak about the passing away of a Great Chief. I tell you this because, even in this far-away spot, where the King could not have been anything more than a name, he was revered.

I responded to this quiet homage and stopped work for the day.

An Oath For Peace

It is refreshing to know that the spirit of peace is being kept alive by a band of faithful people in France.

We hear of 1600 young men and women who have lately paid a visit to the cemeteries round the battlefield of Verdun, and made this vow:

Before these countless lines of crosses, before this charnel-house of Douaumont, where there lie the remains of tens of thousands of men, before this field of carnage where fell 700,000 French and German soldiers, we bend in sorrow.

There has been enough ruin, enough suffering, enough grief. All humanity wants to live in peace. The Youth of France want no more of these sanguinary and useless sacrifices.

We swear together to do everything in our power to preserve them from them for ever; and we address a supreme appeal to all the victims of the war, to all peoples, to assure with us the indivisible peace in the fraternal union of a liberated humanity.

The Hero Afraid

REMEMBERING how in the hour of victory, when all else had forgotten Lord Haldane, Earl Haig visited him to thank him for what he had done to make possible the foundations of that victory, we welcome a tribute to the great soldier himself.

It comes from Mr Duff Cooper who has written the Haig biography.

Haig, he says, was reticent, diffident, and shy. One day he met a company of wounded men, to whom he had little or nothing to say. A friend remonstrated. "You should have said a bit more; they would have liked it," he said. Haig answered, "I did not dare say a word, because I thought I should break down."

The Way of His Heart

WE have just come back from the West Country, where so much is lovely and of good report, but we can think of nothing more worthy to be set on record than the words of a Gloucestershire farmer, as told to us by a friend.

On hearing of someone in need this farmer, so bluff and hearty, called on a mutual friend and shyly asked him to convey an offer of help. "Tell him it's just the way of my heart," he said, disclaiming any thanks.

A Word From Shakespeare

The Chinese Treasure Ship

Was I for this high wrecked upon the sea,
And twice by awkward wind from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?

Henry the Sixth

Tip-Cat



WE cook and we can, says a firm of tinned vegetable manufacturers. Some people cook and can't.

THE danger of having a pet tiger, declares an explorer, is that it might eat you. Then you would be in a pet.

A WRITER says when he comes across a good phrase he turns down the page so that he can easily turn it up.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If facing the elements is putting our backs to the wall

A STATIONMASTER has won a prize for writing a poem. Not his usual line.

A PUBLISHER says his readers want something fresh. How about a new-laid egg?

THE timber house has a charm of its own. People like to be boarded in it.

WRITING is a many-sided art, we are told. Nevertheless you can write only on two sides of the paper.



THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

OVER 750 objectionable signs have been voluntarily removed in Kent of late.

A STEEL works closed since 1932 has started work again at Darlington.

£400,000 has been raised in this country toward the £1,000,000 wanted for German refugees.

JUST AN IDEA

Have we not all seen in our time that, as John Milton said, war has made many great whom peace makes small?

Naboth's Vineyard

Is this not a very apt parable to read today, when another Ahab has set his heart upon another Naboth's vineyard?

IT came to pass that Naboth the Jezreelite had a vineyard hard by the palace of Ahab king of Samaria; and Ahab spake unto Naboth, saying, Give me thy vineyard, that I may have it for a garden of herbs, because it is near my house, and I will give thee for it a better vineyard; or, if it seem good to thee, I will give thee the worth of it in money.

Naboth said to Ahab, The Lord forbid it me that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee.

Ahab came into his house heavy and displeased because of the word Naboth had spoken to him; and he laid him down upon his bed, and turned away his face, and would eat no bread. But Jezebel came to him, and said, Dost thou now govern the kingdom of Israel? Arise, and eat, and let thine heart be merry: I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite.

So she wrote letters in Ahab's name, and sealed them with his seal, and sent the letters unto the elders and the nobles, saying, Proclaim a fast, and set Naboth on high among the people, and set two men to bear witness against him saying, Thou didst blaspheme God and the king. And then carry him out, and stone him, that he may die.

And the men of his city did as Jezebel had written. They proclaimed a fast, and set Naboth on high among the people; and there came two men and sat before him, and witnessed against him, in the presence of the people, saying, Naboth did blaspheme God and the king.

Then they carried him forth out of the city, and stoned him with stones, that he died. Then they sent to Jezebel, saying, Naboth is stoned, and is dead.

When Jezebel heard that Naboth was stoned, and was dead, Jezebel said to Ahab, Arise, take possession of the vineyard of Naboth, which he refused to give thee for money; for Naboth is dead. And Ahab arose up to go down to the vineyard, to take possession of it.

The Good Motorist's Prayer

Grant me a steady hand and watchful eye,
That no man shall be hurt when I pass by.
Thou gavest life, and I pray no act of mine
May take away or mar that gift of Thine.

Shelter those, dear Lord, who bear me company
From the evils of fire and all calamity.
Teach me to use my car for others' need,
Nor miss through love of speed
The beauties of Thy world; that thus I may
With joy and courtesy go on my way.

In banquets remember that you entertain two guests, body and soul.
Epictetus

RAILWAYS IN MINIATURE

Wonderful Model Show in London

PASTIME FOR BOYS OF ALL AGES

Many fathers buy model railways for their sons, and sometimes the boys are allowed to play with them.

Last week we saw many of these fathers and sons at the Central Hall, Westminster, where the Model Railway Exhibition was held. Grandfathers were there too. From seven to seventy, all were boys together in their enthusiasm.

Never before had we seen so many engines and trains and railway gadgets in general under one roof. There were big models on loan from railway companies, and another which was taking eager young passengers up and down the exhibition hall, down to tiny models of famous engines and complete goods and passenger trains built true to the scale of only four millimetres to the foot. Only since seeing this exhibition have we realised the wide variety of goods wagons and passenger coaches in use on British railways, and all were made true to scale even to small details. There were complete miniature railways with complicated systems of points and with trains electrically operated.

Famous Engines of Other Days

Modern rolling stock by no means held the day, for there were numerous models of famous engines and trains of earlier times. There were, too, several examples of engines of other countries.

The majority of the exhibits were the handiwork of members of the Model Railway Club, the organisers of the exhibition. The club has among its members people in all ranks of life, including many who have reached the age of retirement.

A C N father went to the exhibition with his schoolboy son. Henceforth the Home Railway Company shall be not the nominal property of one owner, but it shall be openly and jointly owned and operated by the newly-established firm of Father and Son. *Picture on this page*

BRAVE BOYS OF KASHMIR

Five brave Kashmiri boys, students of the Church Missionary Society school at Srinagar in Kashmir, have just been told that they upheld most worthily the motto of their school, "In all things be men."

One day last month news reached the school that three young British officers on a skiing holiday had been killed by an avalanche which had swept down across the plain of Khillanmarg. At once the five boys volunteered to form a search party, and with Mr Eric Tyndale-Biscoe, vice-principal, and a member of the staff in charge, they set forth at a moment's notice, not even waiting to take bedding with them. The plain lay 11,000 feet above sea-level and 6000 feet above Srinagar, and they did not reach the scene of the disaster until the next morning. All that day they dug until they found the bodies of the three officers 20 feet deep in the snow.

1 2 3

40,000 wireless licences are now issued in India.

1,820,114 tons of shipping is under construction throughout the world.

13,000,000 miles were covered by Metropolitan mobile police last year.

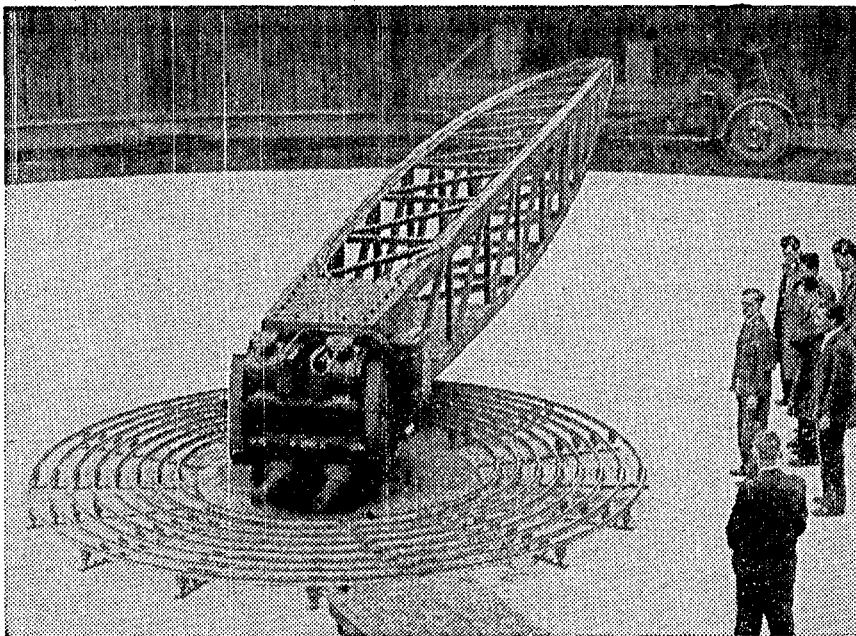
54,143,438 tons of British coal were sold in the last quarter of last year.

1254,587,049 National Savings Certificates had been sold up to last month.

£145,858,776 was the value of Canada's exports last year.

£180,911,000 was the revenue of the British railways last year.

The Long Arm and the Lorry



Mr Hore-Belisha Exceeds the Limit



At the Model Railway Exhibition



LORRY-GO-ROUND

Biggest Road-Testing Machine in the World

A remarkable device like the merry-go-round of a country fair is now being used to test the different materials used for roads.

This road-testing machine has been built at the Road Research Laboratory at Harmondsworth in Middlesex and is claimed to be the biggest of its kind in the world. A good name for it would be the Lorry-Go-Round, for it consists of a 12-ton lorry tethered by a 5-ton arm to a post embedded in reinforced concrete. From this bed of concrete, which is six feet deep and eight feet across, there radiate eight concrete arms to tie it to a circular track of concrete ten feet wide, so that we have firmly fixed into the ground a concrete wheel 110 feet in diameter.

Like a Five-Inch Shell

The lorry, driven by an electric motor of 180 h p on the pivotal end of the arm, runs round and round this track with a maximum speed of 40 m.p.h. If an accident occurred and the lorry broke away from the central post when travelling at that speed the energy released would be that of a five-inch shell; therefore the building from which the machine is controlled has an exceptionally strong wall on the side next to the track, earth banks on the other sides, and has only a tiny window of safety-glass for observation.

The road material to be tested is laid on the track and the lorry is set in motion, water-sprinklers being used to provide rainy conditions. The results of a year's wear on an ordinary road are revealed in a week or so by the lorry.

The cost of this machine is well worth while when we realise that we spend about £50,000,000 a year in making and repairing roads. *Picture on this page*

A WATER DISCOVERY

Wonderful Properties

For many years it has been known that water containing radio-active properties brings relief to sufferers from various ailments; it has now been found that similar treatment brings equal relief to victims of mental affliction. The discovery comes from a public home for the mentally infirm, the Crichton Royal Institution near Dumfries.

An artesian well attached to the institution was wont to deliver water of a certain radio-active strength. A new and deeper well having been sunk, the radio-activity of the water reached mounted to nearly three times the strength of the original supply. The result has been a marked improvement in the recovery of patients who for the last four years have had access to larger supplies of radio-active water for drinking and baths.

The supposition is that the wonderful properties of the water stimulate circulation and add oxygen to the blood.

LONDON'S CHILDREN

The Lost 252,000

Perhaps the most remarkable thing in the new Education Estimates of the L.C.C. is the following record.

It is estimated that the number of children in the London schools will fall in the financial year 1936-37 to 475,000, as compared with 510,000 in the year 1935-36. In 1914-15 there were 727,052 children in the schools.

This plain statement sounds like a ridiculous mistake. A fall from 727,000 to 475,000 in so few years!

Unfortunately the statement is only too true. It is a case in which the incredible has taken the liberty of becoming hard fact. It is a grave matter for the historian.

CHINA AT SOUTH KENSINGTON

The Treasures of Mr Eumorfopoulos

While one Chinese Exhibition was lying sealed in a stranded liner at Gibraltar another was opened at South Kensington.

When we called at the Victoria and Albert Museum Mr Eumorfopoulos, who collected these incomparable examples of Chinese piety, art, and industry, stood among the 2500 treasures he had gathered about him. They were for him the pursuit of a lifetime. They had been for long years the household gods of his house at Chelsea. He was courteously ready to answer questions about them, and if he parted from them with a sigh his regret was mingled with pride that now all the world could behold them.

China of the Tombs

We hope all the world that went to Burlington House will go to Kensington to renew acquaintance with what was in very many ways the core of the Chinese Exhibition. The pottery, the sculpture, and the carving are such as no museum has hitherto been able to bring together; and they were the work of Chinese craftsmen in days before the Roman legions had left Britain, and in the Dark Ages which followed their withdrawal.

Much of this collection of the work of the Sui, Tang, and the Six Dynasties might be called China of the Tombs, for in China, as in ancient Egypt, emblems of the living were buried with the dead. Here are the whole contents recovered unbroken from tombs where they had rested for a thousand years or more. In one case is a model of a country estate of 15 centuries ago.

The Chinese country gentleman stands under the pillared portico of his house looking over the farmyard, where there are horses and dogs, a crowing cock, a bull. A water-wheel is there for grinding the corn, a woman stoops over a well. From another tomb came a sort of Whip-snade of wild animals, a rhinoceros, a two-headed bull, and another creature such as never was on land or sea; and from another, the largest of all, the proud possessions of a noble family in painted pottery. Dromedaries and horses are among them. There are servants and musicians, and, surveying all that they had to leave behind, stand the figures of the lord and lady in dignified complacency.

Full of Poetry and Beauty

All can delight in these figures made by the potter's skill to seem almost alive. For the student are wondrous carvings of Buddhas and Bodhisatvas; one of the most astonishing, a small Buddha which was sculptured after Alexander of Macedon had invaded the East and carried Greek art with him. A head carved in wood might be that of a Roman emperor.

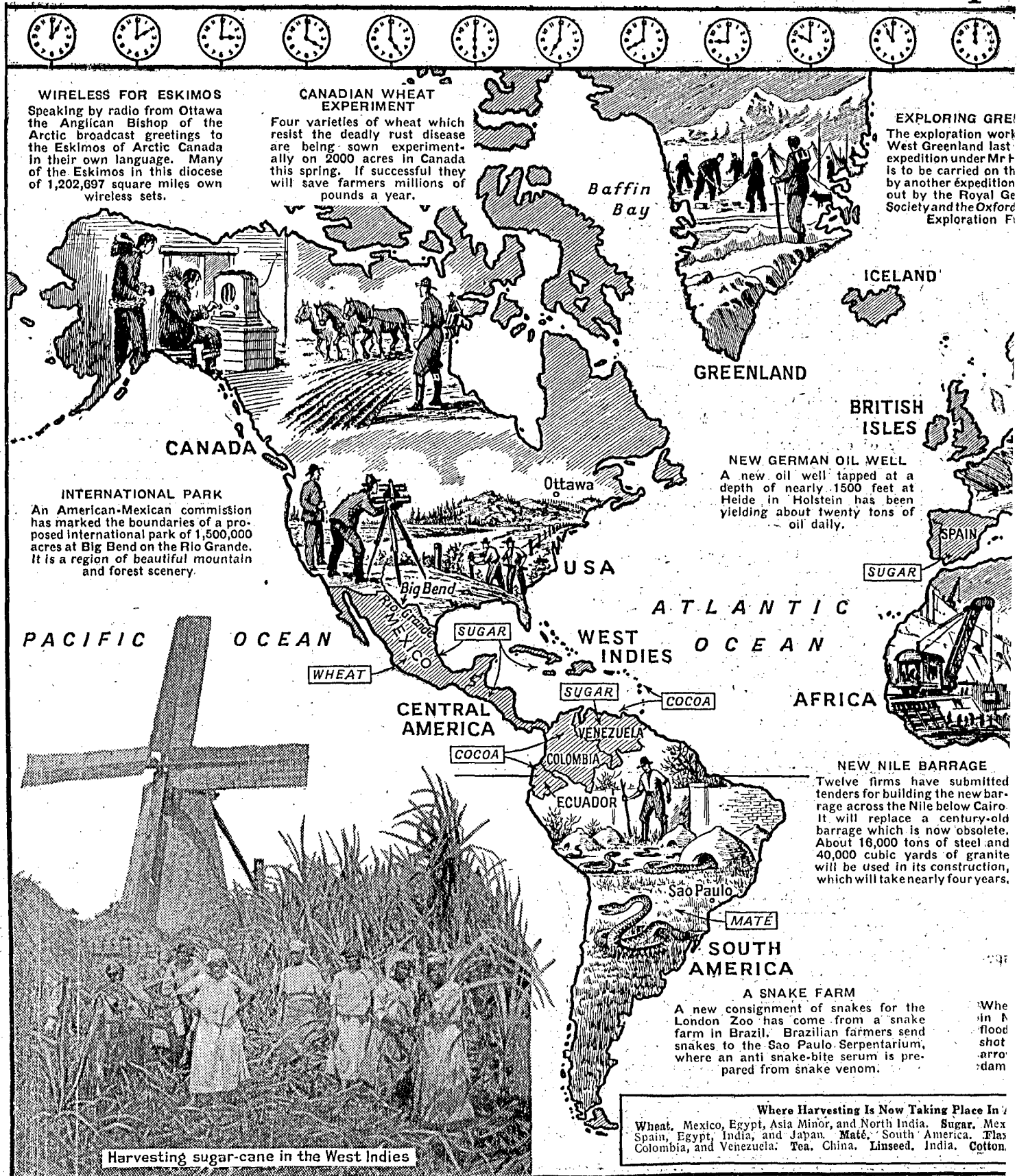
The paintings are mostly of a later time than those shown at the Chinese Exhibition, but many are full of poetry and beauty, and we specially noticed a delightful picture of two Chinese boys at play, a horse eagerly running forward to be fed, and the holy man Arhat crossing the ocean on a gourd, just as St Piran half a world away came to Cornwall on a millstone.

THE SAD PLIGHT OF NEWFOUNDLAND

Newfoundland, England's oldest colony, has a population of only 280,000 men, women, and children, but she had 73,290 people receiving State relief at the end of February, or over one in four.

In one district, Burin on the South Coast, one in two of the people are supported by the Government. It is costing £27,000 a month in doles.

The CN Picture-News and Time Map



The Blind Mouse and Its Friend

A READER of the CN has sent us a true story which we may accept as an excellent chapter of natural history or as an evidence that even 30 years ago the smallest of our native animals believed in Safety First when crossing the road.

Our correspondent writes that he was standing on the gravel path of Morden Road where it turns slightly to the right and goes uphill. The road ran between fields, but was already busy with traffic.

There was a grass verge on the other side of the road, and from it a small fieldmouse ran nimbly to the middle, where it stood on its hind legs and looked quickly up the hill and then down the road.

Darting back into the grass, the little creature reappeared almost immediately, holding in its mouth a grass stalk, the other end of which was gripped by an

old mouse with a film over its eyes, and obviously blind. The first mouse led its blind friend across the road and the gravel path to a gap in the boards which kept the gravel in its place. Through this the older mouse was carefully guided, being then led down to the sandy bottom of a wayside brook.

Both then returned to the path, where the leader let go of the grass stalk and, having squeaked to the other as if to say "You will be all right there," ran quickly to the centre of the road and looked up and down for signs of danger. As all was quiet the mouse grasped the end of the stalk and led the way back to the grass verge, and from there into the field beyond, waving with long grass, in which we must suppose they had built their nest.

It is certainly hard to believe that there is no intelligence at work in the lives of creatures behaving like this.

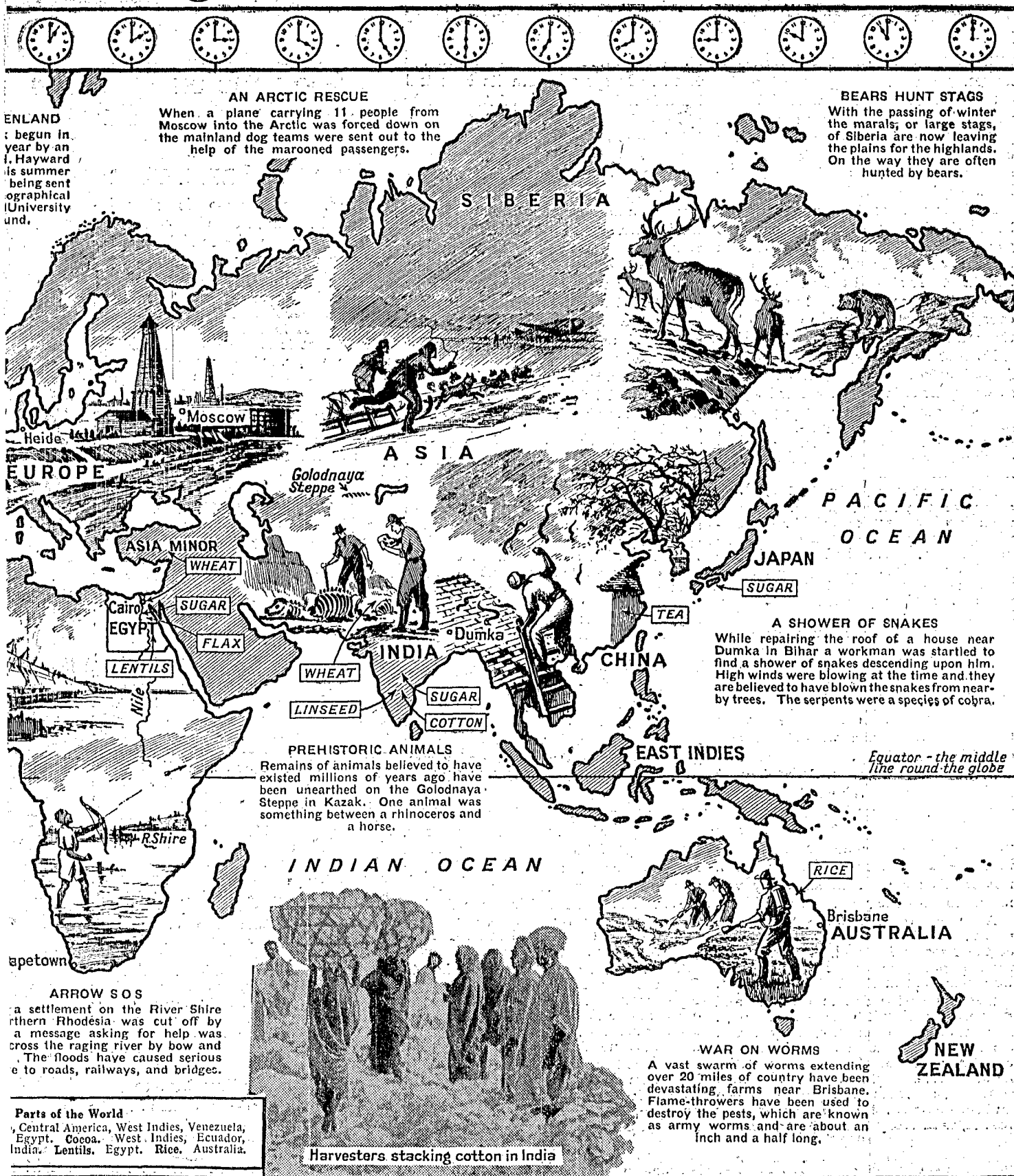
An Idea That I

A COMMITTEE of the American Congress has been looking into the financial methods of the Townsend Plan, and what seemed to be a remarkable movement now seems to have reached its doom.

It began with the idea of a Californian, Dr. Townsend, who longed for the day when his country should have an Old Age Pensions scheme. He evolved a plan by which everyone over 60 should receive a pension of £40 a month on condition that he spent it all before receiving his next payment. This, he thought, would create a business boom and all would be well again in America. The funds for the pensions were to be raised by a two per cent tax on every business transaction.

Dr. Townsend wrote to his local paper and absurd as it may seem, his plan won immediate support, 80 per cent of the voters in his parliamentary district signing petitions in favour of it. With the aid of his brother and a Mr. Clements an organisation called the Old Age Revolving Pensions was formed, and before long Townsend Clubs were established in many of the Western States and Townsendite was elected to Congress for Michigan. His victory caused great alarm in the Republic.

Showing Harvests All Over the World



LITTLE HEROES OF THE GREAT WAR

20,000 BIRDS

The Carrier Pigeons That Flew Above the Roar of Battle THEIR MONUMENT AT LILLE

All the carrier pigeons of the Great War have gone home. France has put up a monument to them at Lille.

They flew above the tragic trenches of Ypres, the Somme, and Verdun, where men fought and died in thousands; they winged their way through the din of bursting shells and the rattle of machine guns; they soared above the clouds of poison gas. All the horrors of war were beheld by their uncomprehending eyes.

Unknowning the meaning of it all they went on the errands they were sent; and many a pigeon was brought down mercilessly by an enemy bullet, for war can have no pity. Far more died in their cages on the ground suffocated by gas. They were combatants in spite of themselves, and as soldiers fell.

Saved a Battalion

As soldiers they are honoured now in death, and some were honoured while they lived. There was Cher Ami (the dear friend), born in an English pigeon loft, who saved an American battalion commanded by Major Charles Whittlesley. The battalion was surrounded; a fierce artillery fire was pouring into it. The field telegraph had been cut.

Major Whittlesley had seven pigeons. Six of those sent up were shot down. The seventh, Cher Ami, rose and circled among the bursting shrapnel. Feathers fell from him; he had been hit.

But on he went to his destination 25 miles away. A piece of shrapnel had broken his breastbone, his right leg had been shot away. But fastened to his body was the tiny aluminium case with the message giving the battalion's position and asking for the help which then was sent.

Full of Years and Honour

The battalion was saved, and Cher Ami had become a war hero. He recovered from his wounds, and was taken by the battalion to the United States, which welcomed him as if he had been General Lafayette come to life again. When he died, full of years and honour, his body was given a place in the Washington National Museum.

In the United Service Museum in Whitehall is a pigeon which died in action. It was sent up from the front line at Menin Road to Headquarters on October 3, 1917. A bullet broke one of its legs, drove the aluminium carrier into its body, and passed through its back. Nevertheless it somehow struggled home to its loft, nine miles away, and delivered its message, just before it died.

Another of the 22,000 pigeons "on the strength" of the British Army lived until two years ago at Scunthorpe though it had been wounded in action. It was probably the last survivor.

The Last Pigeon

Then there was the Verdun pigeon which was awarded the Croix de Guerre by the French. It was the last pigeon Major Raynol, the defender of Fort Vaux, had left when being desperately pressed. He sent it up. It flew to its destination though badly wounded in its flight, and its message brought the reinforcements which saved the fort.

These were some of the heroes whose deeds were recounted when the monument of a French peasant woman with a cloud of pigeons rising above her head was unveiled at Lille. A thousand living pigeons were released while the speeches were being made. The war pigeons could not hear the praises and the shouting, but we like to think that it cannot now be said that there are among the 20,000 victims any with no memorial.

Received Millions

and Democratic Parties, who realised that the six million supporters of the Plan would have a big voice in the coming elections, especially in the Western States, where they were very strong. There were rumours, too, that Mr McGroarty, who had brought a Townsend Plan Bill before the House of Representatives in Washington, was thinking of standing for the Presidency.

Neither the Democrats nor the Republicans in Congress would have anything to do with the Bill, but both realised that the movement would complicate a straight fight in the elections, and so appointed a committee of inquiry into its finances.

This committee has discovered that some of the local organisers have been receiving as much as £500 a month and some have doubtful records. The organisation was receiving tiny sums, mostly from old and poor people, at the rate of £200,000 a year, and, though Dr Townsend made nothing for himself, some of his helpers obtained more from the funds than was their due.

The end of it all is that the Townsend Plan is no more, except as the memory of a wild scheme which has deluded millions of ignorant people.

Paying For the Joy of Life

Most of us forget too soon, perhaps, the debt we owe the world for the joy of life we find in it. This is the story of a man who did not forget.

His will has just been made known, and many of our country's treasure-houses are to benefit by his remembrance, for as one who loved to visit them he has touched them with his generous spirit.

Before he passed away a year ago Mr Albert Henry Whitin, an American millionaire, had adopted England as the second country of his later years. He loved its cathedrals, its churches, its art galleries, and he remembered them.

He used to sit in Salisbury Cathedral rapt in its beauty and listening to the anthem's song of praise; and to mark his gratitude to those who knew him not he left £1000 for the choir boys. He bequeathed also £400 to the pensioners of Salisbury's charities.

St Bartholomew-the-Great in Smithfield was a church he greatly favoured;

he left it £1000, and to the organists of Salisbury and of the Chapel Royal, St James's, he left a special gift in token of the privilege of hearing their choirs.

When he went to York Minster he looked with admiring eyes at the great east window; but he did more than admire, he left £1000 for its repair.

To the National Portrait Gallery, to the National Gallery of Scotland and its Portrait Gallery, and to the National Gallery of Dublin he left £1000 each.

One of his remembrances is of special interest to the C.N., which has always striven to spread the fame of William Watson. Mr Whitin loved the stately poetry of our great Victorian who lived on to sound his trumpet nobly in the 20th century, and he bequeathed £1000 to Sir William and £500 to each of the poet's two daughters (though the money has not yet been received owing to the troubles of this mad world in these days).

TOURIST'S OBSTACLE RACE

A GREAT STUPIDITY OF THESE DAYS

How To Get the Traveller Moving Again

THE GOOD OLD TIMES BEFORE 1914

To travel abroad in the old days used to be a comparatively simple affair. If we had the money we went where we liked.

But those were the good old days before 1914. Today foreign travel is more like an obstacle race, with the obstacles looming so large that many would-be travellers prefer to lie in the sun by their own seashore rather than to start struggling with passports and visas, fees doubled and quadrupled, foreign currencies and money restrictions, customs duties, residence taxes, and all the rest of the silly business involved in travel nowadays.

Fluctuating Currencies

Even more important is the fact that the world economic crisis has left many people without the means to enter this obstacle race. Fluctuating currencies add more difficulties and send visitors to the least sound countries because the exchange is in their favour; and on top of it all is the fact that dictators discourage their nationals from travelling abroad because it takes money out of the country (and possibly brings back into it ideas of freedom and justice not in accordance with the dictator's system of government).

At the same time many people of democratic countries do not want to seem to approve of such systems by visiting these countries of the mailed fist, where one may be roughly treated if one's nose is too long.

Why People Stay at Home

No wonder most of us stay at home. In 1929 American tourists are reckoned to have spent £180,000,000 on foreign travel; in 1934 they spent only £38,000,000. In 1929 France received about £80,000,000 from foreign tourists; in 1933 about £24,000,000.

The stay-at-homes are missing all sorts of adventures and social and cultural opportunities. Hotel-keepers and caterers in Europe are standing on their doorsteps anxiously scanning the empty distance. The economists of various countries are wondering how to pay for their imports without the balance of foreign currency created by tourists; and America continues to swallow up the world's gold, which her tourists used to redistribute.

Every country needs foreign currency to settle its international trading accounts, and the tourists played a useful part in circulating this money.

Fewer Visitors, Fewer Imports

Some countries, like Switzerland, find it difficult to import goods from abroad unless visitors first create a balance of foreign money with which to pay for these goods. Fewer visitors means fewer imports; the price of Switzerland's home products then rises; this again tends to make visitors choose a cheaper country to tour in. Then, when they come home, they find that because Switzerland has not had their money to buy exports from their own country things are bad at home too. So the vicious circle goes round and round like a mad thing.

So mad and bad is it all that the Economic Committee of the League of Nations has been considering how to get the tourist going round the world again. Let us have fewer paper obstacles in the race, says the Committee; and let the passport go first, say we. Could not the nations in the League agree to do without passports as a beginning?

EARTH'S OLDEST FAMILY TREE

IN gardens here and there in England the ancient Ginkgo tree is putting forth its delicate maidenhair leaves.

Some of its ancestors were doing so when the world was young 200 million years ago, and the Ginkgo may truly claim to be the most marvellous survival among all the trees of the Earth. Charles Darwin called it a living fossil.

As it is now so, it very nearly was before the Alps rose from the sea. The giant reptiles looked on its forests from their marshes before they sank back into the slime. It shaded the sabre-toothed tiger and the mastodon. It spread all over the Earth before man walked through forest and plain.

Its first home was in the Far East. According to Mrs Bishop, who travelled so widely in China and the Far East, it was still growing wild sixty years ago in the forests of Yezo (or Hokkaido), the northern island of Japan, and in two other forests about the sources of rivers in Western China.

But, apart from Mrs Bishop's discovery of it in these remote and almost unexplored forests, it grows hardly anywhere now in the Far East except where it has been preserved and tended by the priests of temples as a sacred tree. From the boughs of the venerable maidenhair tree at Sendai in Japan hang root-like branches, believed by superstitious worshippers to have miraculous powers.

Princess Daisy of Bethnal Green

QUEEN MARY has presented to the Bethnal Green Museum, for the Children's Gallery, a well-known doll called Princess Daisy.

With her clothes and equipment Princess Daisy was valued at £300 when she began her career in 1895.

It must not be imagined that all this money was squandered on a doll merely to make a luxurious plaything for a rich man's child. Princess Daisy was meant to help the poor.

A Dutch lady, Mrs Grothe Twiss, wished to raise money for the Shelters of the Poor in Holland, and conceived the idea of selling tickets with the most wonderful doll in the world for a prize.

She bought the doll in England and set about making it a perfect trousseau. Long clothes, short clothes, party frocks, cloaks, several sets of underclothing, a christening robe of lace over satin, nightgowns, sheets, and cot covers were provided, all most beautifully trimmed and embroidered. Daisy also had a baby basket, with ivory toilet things, a silver

It would hardly have survived to our day if there had been none to venerate it. But in its heyday it inherited the Earth. It spread from its ancestral home in Asia to Europe and America. It came to the British Isles, and in Scotland, in between two ages when volcanoes rained their lava and ashes on the soil, grew up into forests on the Inner Hebrides.

It wandered down to Yorkshire and Oxford, and, though a tree of tropical forests, struggled up to Greenland. But that was long before the Ice Ages; and Greenland, or even Spitsbergen, where also its fossil relics have been found, may have had a very different climate then.

It was almost cosmopolitan. Botanists prize it as one of the first of the trees which had naked seeds, and as the last survivor of a race flourishing before oak and ash and beech were born. As the foremost English botanist tells us, 'we ought to regard it as an ancient monument and keep it for future generations as sacredly as they do in China and Japan.'

Cambridge has two very happy Ginkgos by the wall of its Botany School, and since they came into the news several more have been noted in other gardens. Once there was one in the Physic Garden at Chelsea. When the wall of the garden was put back the poor old maidenhair tree was left in the pavement of the neighbouring roadway. As nobody took any care of it the tree died: a notable example of public neglect.

porringer, a gold brooch, and a real pearl necklace with a diamond clasp. With her silver plate, jewellery, and lovely garments the doll was awarded a gold medal at the International Exhibition at Amsterdam.

She was very much admired, and the tickets sold briskly. But, strange to say, the holder of the winning ticket could not be found, and Princess Daisy remained unclaimed.

At last several Englishwomen clubbed together to buy her, and once more the Shelters for the Poor benefited from Princess Daisy.

The Englishwomen presented her to Queen Mary for her own daughter Princess Mary, but the real princess cannot have been allowed to play with the toy princess, for the doll still looks as good as new.

In days to come historians may study her as we study the wax effigies at the Abbey, in order to learn about costume, and she will have a historic value in Bethnal Green Museum.

News of the Salt-Cellar

THERE has long been controversy about eating common salt.

We all like its savour, but do we eat too much of it? Do we need it at all? Some time ago a learned German declared that we consumed far too much for our good. On the other hand we once knew a man who was so fond of it that he scattered it all over his food, as some powder a pudding with sugar.

Now, according to a report in the famous medical journal The Lancet, a medical man, Dr McCance, and three medical students, one a woman, have studied in their own persons the effects of depriving the body of salt.

The experiment showed that it takes about a week to make the body really deficient in salt. The inquiring four ate salt-free food—special bread, special milk, salt-free butter, thrice-boiled vegetables, jam, fruit, and allowed themselves home-made salt-free toffee. The volunteers also endeavoured to lose as much salt as possible through perspiration. Strange symptoms resulted. Appetite

was lost. A peculiar sensation arose in the mouth which was not a true thirst. All food seemed to be tasteless, cigarettes lost their flavour, and there was a feeling of sickness. Cramps in the muscles developed, and all the experimenters suffered from excessive fatigue and a general sense of exhaustion.

Dr McCance even found his arm getting tired when he shaved. Two of the students 'got into an extraordinary interesting state in which they were content to sit and do nothing in a chair, sometimes for hours on end.' They all became worn-looking and ill, although they ate freely.

It is remarkable that these experiments revealed a similarity between the symptoms produced and those occurring in a well-known but rare disease of the glands called Addison's disease. Of recent years the use of salt in its treatment has produced remarkable results, and it seems likely that common salt plays a vital part in the chemical processes of the body.

THE OLD LAND MOVES

RECOVERY MARCHING ON AND ON

Electricity's Million Men and 1000 Million Pounds

THE WONDERFUL YEAR

Over £1000,000,000 is now invested in the industries connected with the supply of electricity in this country and nearly a million people are employed in it.

These figures were given at a meeting of the Benevolent Association of the Electrical Industries, its president declaring that it is the greatest industry in the State, with the prospect of unbounded prosperity in the future. Capital expenditure, the whole of it adequately remunerated, is increasing at the rate of about £30,000,000 a year.

This remarkable progress is due to the work of the Central Electricity Board, which has just issued its eighth annual report. We give some figures from it.

Encouraging Figures

During 1935 our public supply stations generated 17,565 million units, being 2100 million more than in 1934. Since 1929 the expansion in this country has been 70 per cent compared with the expansion in world-output of 20 per cent.

At the end of 1935 the Grid system had 4075 miles of transmission lines, of which 2880 operate at 132,000 volts; 132 Selected Stations with a generating capacity of 6,749,000 kilowatts (277,000 in new plant); and 280 switching and transforming stations with a capacity of 8,862,700 kilo-volt-amperes (an increase in the year of 453,000).

The linking-up under the Grid saved about £2,400,000 in capital expenditure last year, while £920,000 was saved in operating costs.

In 1935 great blocks of power hitherto derived from private generating plants were transferred to the Grid. By the completion of the secondary ring, embracing Colchester, Clacton, Harwich, and Frinton, the entire ring in this area was brought into commission. Additional equipment was installed at Hastings and Eastbourne to supply the electrified Southern Railway. The most important new plants brought into service last year were the 105,000 kilowatts set at Battersea, the first two 30,000 sets for the Swansea Corporation, and part of the hydro-electric works for the Galloway scheme.

An Astounding Change

To meet the increased demand in the immediate future the Board is putting in hand extensions which will cost £8,000,000. Its Report (published at a shilling by Whitehead Morris at Tower House, Holland Street, S E 1) contains very interesting facts about the Board's investigations into insulators, conductors, circuit-breakers, and protective gear. An insulator which will resist fog and atmospheric pollution has met with complete success and solved a serious problem.

When we remember that a few years ago this country was a laggard in the development of electric power the change that has taken place is astounding. It is one more proof of what can be done when attempted on a well-thought-out national scale, and the results must delight Mr Hore-Belisha, our energetic Minister of Transport, to whom the Board addresses its Report.

BROWNIE PRAYER BOOK

A lovely little Brownie Prayer Book is published at 6d by Longmans for the Girl Guide Movement. It is compiled by Mrs Vivyan Bremner and is full of helpfulness and inspiration for all who have to do with services for very little people. We strongly commend it.

THE MOON HIDES A STAR

Rare Spectacle on
Saturday Evening

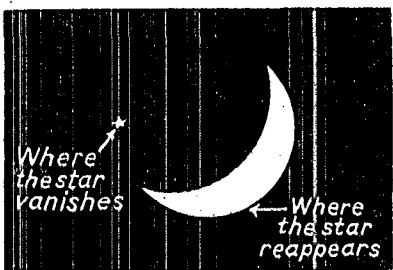
THE COMING OF SATURN

By the G N Astronomer

On the evening of April 25 the Moon may be seen to pass in front of one of the stars of Gemini, the Twins. It is some time since so convenient an opportunity has occurred for observing such a spectacle.

For one thing the Moon, being in crescent phase, will not dim the star to invisibility; moreover the event occurs at a fairly convenient time for observation.

The star Mu of Gemini (or Mu Geminorum), which is slightly below third magnitude, may be seen beforehand to the left of the Moon; at about 10 o'clock it will be nearly the Moon's width away. From then until about 10.50 the Moon will be seen to draw nearer, and then the



star will suddenly vanish some way from the bright crescent and actually behind the dark edge of the unilluminated portion of the lunar disc.

Though, as observed from the London and the south-east area of England, the star will vanish at about 9.50, the exact time will vary slightly as the event is observed from other parts of Britain.

When the star passes behind the Moon's dark edge it is just possible that this dark part of the Moon may be faintly visible because of what is known as earthshine, an effect produced by the sunlight reflected from the Earth.

As the star nears the time for disappearance field- or even opera-glasses will greatly help the observer and the exciting moment when it vanishes be timed with fine precision. It is in this respect that occultations such as this are so valuable to astronomers. The reappearance of the star at about 11.37 from behind the bright edge of the Moon is not nearly so impressive, since, owing to the lunar radiation, the star is not perceptible at the moment of reappearance or for some time without the aid of a good telescope.

So, for the brief space of some 47 minutes, this star's light, which has been for the last 203 years speeding across space toward the Earth, will be intercepted by the Moon, and then, when within the last two seconds of reaching us, the Moon gets in the way.

Thousands of Millions of Moons

Thus we gain some idea of the vast difference in distance between the Moon, which is but little more than a second away, as light travels, while the star is almost as distant as Queen Anne. The star, by the way, is a colossal sun capable of containing some thousands of millions of moons the size of ours.

A world that will be of great interest this year is now appearing low in the eastern sky soon after daybreak. This is Saturn, whose magnificent Ring System now appears as a thin streak of light on each side of the globe of the planet.

Just at present Saturn does not rise much more than an hour before the Sun and so is difficult to perceive in the dawn; but as Saturn rises about half-an-hour earlier each week he will soon be easily found in the early morning sky, and possessors of telescopes may see one of the most singular sights in the heavens.

G. F. M.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP

Death Traps Turned Into
Sanctuaries

The lighthouse beam is a will-o'-the-wisp to birds on the wing. It has lured thousands to destruction.

The secretary of the Society for the Protection of Birds has been telling how he picked up no less than 500 redwings dashed to death against a lighthouse glass during their autumn flight to warmer countries. But he also had a cheerful tale to tell of workmen off to the south and Welsh coasts to put nets round the lighthouses and wooden perches, so that the lights this spring will guide our bird visitors not to death but to a rest on their long flight.

Some of the lights have been guarded for some time in this way, and all could be if there was enough money to send more workmen out with nets and perches. Soon, we hope, all lighthouses will have become lighted perches for the hosts of swallows, chaff-chaffs, and our other summer visitors, many of whom have to run the gauntlet of Mussolini's Italy before they reach us.

How pitiful to think of them escaping the nets spread to trap them in Italy only to be dashed to death against our lighthouses because no nets are spread to save them!

ROOKS AND THE NEW ARCHITECTURE

Scottish rooks move with the times. They have zinc frame nests.

This new departure was first witnessed by the principal of a teacher's training college near Glasgow, who noticed that more than 500 long zinc nails had been lifted from his hard tennis courts, where they were used to hold down the lead marking lines.

A watchful gardener observed the procedure. First the rooks worked the nails loose from the lead. Then, when they believed no one was about, they lifted them out and flew with them to the neighbouring trees. There they worked them up into their nests.

The idea is a sound one, borrowed, as the principal suggests, from the new style of steel and concrete architecture. They may presently find a use for the lead they left behind.

But an uneasy thought stirs the student's mind. Zinc nails do not hold together as well as twigs in a nest. In a gale down may come eggs and cradle and all. The rook may build another, poor thing! But what about the student pondering below?

RUSSIA'S PARACHUTING FIREMEN

Russia, with 125 million acres of forest, will fight forest fires from the air.

In the United States forests there is a network of stations with forest guards who notify any outbreak of fire and combine to deal with it. But the Soviet is the first to form squadrons of aeroplanes to search for fires and apply first-aid when they are found.

Air squadrons will reconnoitre throughout the summer the four forest regions of the Urals, East Siberia, the Gorki, and the northern areas. When a plane discovers a fire the nearest fire-brigade station and the aviation base will be told of it by wireless. Additional planes will be immediately sent to the spot, carrying tanks filled with a chemical fire extinguisher to be showered round the fire area.

Every air squadron will have its fire-brigade, whose members can be taken to the fire. The firemen will descend from the planes by parachute.

The parachuting fireman is a new idea even for Russia, where it is said that ideas will blow up a fortress—or put out a forest fire.

THE RAILWAYS OF ABRAHAM'S COUNTRY

Achievement of British
Engineers

The railways in Iraq have been handed over by the British Government to the Iraq Government.

When the railways, one thousand miles of them, were built the work had to be done with British money. The question was a wartime one, and of post-war settlement, and we were in charge. The only question recently has been how much Iraq was to pay, it being acknowledged that she could only pay a fraction of the cost.

Now the gauges have been unified, temporary wooden bridges across the Tigris and Euphrates are replaced by substantial ones, and a tourist can go from Basra, the port, to Khanikin on the Persian frontier in 36 hours in a luxurious bogie carriage without a change.

The first junction from Basra is Ur of the Chaldees, where Abraham set out when he exchanged what we may call city life for that of a wandering shepherd.

We may be proud that it is our British engineers who, in a short 18 years, have created this most efficient system of communication in a new country.

Now that Iraq has a government of her own, and is a free member of the League, she inherits a fine transport system she did not construct, but which her own subjects are already acquiring the skill to maintain.

SOUNDING A POTATO

Why Russia is Doing It

In Russia they are sounding the potato to find a way of making it grow up sooner.

The method adopted by the scientific botanists is a delicate one, for the sounds they convey to the potato can be heard by no mortal ears. They are waves of sound so small that they vibrate 400,000 times a second. The human ear takes note of none that vibrates more than 40,000.

But the seeds of the potatoes take note of these vibrations with such effect that they are surprised into much earlier growth. Potatoes sprung from the seed potatoes flower earlier than any others, grow bigger, and contain more starch.

The chief advantage of this early growth is to allow potatoes to be grown in more northerly and colder regions than before.

In Canada the wheatlands have been taken farther and farther into the Arctic Circle by sowing wheats which will bear wheat-cars before the autumn frosts set in. In Russia they hope to enlarge the potato-growing lands by bringing the potato earlier to table.

A BELL THAT RINGS ITSELF

At the Oxford University Museum's annual exhibition a non-stop electric bell was seen and heard.

Some unknown electrician made it in 1840, when electric bells were toys of the inventor, and none had begun to ring in public or private buildings. It has a curious form of battery, two cylinders made of copper and 5000 paper discs coated with sulphur. This battery appears to recharge itself, so that the bell, enclosed with the battery in a glass case, has gone on ringing ever since it started.

It had been ringing for 20 years before it was moved to Oxford. It has rung through three reigns and is going on ringing through a fourth. It will ring in the Coronation, and nobody can say when this approach to perpetual motion will stop.



“‘Ovaltine’
has proved
Invaluable”
says the mother
of this bonny girl

LIKE many thousands of other parents, the mother of this bonny little girl has proved the supreme value of delicious ‘Ovaltine’ for building up strong, sturdy children.

“My daughter has had ‘Ovaltine’ since she was a baby of a few months old,” she writes. “Her day is not complete without her morning and evening cup of ‘Ovaltine.’”

‘Ovaltine’ is the ideal beverage for children. It is better than milk. Moreover, ‘Ovaltine’ has special properties which, when added to milk, make the milk digestible and much more nourishing.

Taken as a regular daytime and bedtime beverage, ‘Ovaltine’ gives children extra vitality to resist winter ills and chills, and helps to keep them free from school epidemics. But, it must be ‘Ovaltine’—there is nothing “just as good.”

OVALTINE

The Supreme Beverage for Health

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

P. 179a

Every Boy and Girl
should join the
League of Ovaltineys

THOUSANDS have joined and are having great fun with the secret highsigns, signals and code. Write for official rule-book and details to the Chief Ovaltiney, Dept. 31, 184, Queen's Gate, London, S.W.7.

DREAM COME TRUE

Margaret McMillan's
Work Goes On

THE BRAVE SISTERS AND THE LITTLE SLUM CHILDREN

One more step has been taken on the poor child's path to happiness by way of health, the path first cleared through the dark jungle of things-as-they-were by Margaret and Rachel McMillan.

These heroic sisters died certain that their dream would come true, that the release they had brought to the babies of Deptford would in time reach the two million little ones in England's slums.

How good it is, then, to hear that a country house is being built at Wrotham in Kent by the governors of the Rachel McMillan Training College and of the Margaret McMillan Camp School, with the L.C.C. behind them! Here children from the McMillan Nursery and Camp School will be able to spend weeks in the country whenever the doctor says they need a little country air.

Seventy Years Since

It is 70 years since Rachel and Margaret McMillan themselves faced poverty and their sun-flooded home near New York had to be exchanged for a home in Scotland with a dour grandmother. Then came school, with a leather lash in the master's desk and a disregard for health and cleanliness which revolted the sisters.

Coming to London, both joined the Socialists, and one Sunday Margaret spoke in Hyde Park. "You are mixing with dreadful people," said the eccentric friend who was paying for her stage training. "You even speak in the Park. You must stop all this or go."

Early Work at Deptford

Margaret went—to Bradford, by request of the newly-formed Labour Party which needed her there; and Rachel hurriedly qualified as a sanitary inspector so that she could send her sister money. This left the younger sister free to use her powers to better the condition of the poor. Very soon she saw that money was wasted in teaching children too sickly to learn; that it was silly lecturing them about cleanliness when they had no means of keeping clean. So she got school baths installed, and in 1894 the first school medical inspection took place there.

She brought her ideas to London and her sister joined her. They learned that medical inspection was no use without treatment, so at Deptford they started the first clinic and health centre, though it needed an Act of Parliament to do it. Next came the open-air camp, also in Deptford and still surrounded by slums.

Triumphant Progress

But why wait till the children grew ill? The sisters agreed that the real need was for Nursery Schools, and soon Deptford could boast the first of these, where toddlers spent the whole day, slept, fed, played, and were happy, and rickets were caught young and banished. The children got on so well that Margaret could not bear to part with them, and so formed an older group where they could develop minds as well as bodies.

As a memorial to her sister Margaret established the Rachel McMillan Training College, where young women from all over the world come to learn nursery-school methods and take them where they are needed. We can read of this triumphant progress in Mr Albert Mansbridge's book on Margaret McMillan, published by Dent at 6s, all the profits going back into her work.

And now comes the latest step, the country house in Kent. A great company of little children from the dark streets of London has been led by Margaret McMillan into the sun.

WHAT HAPPENED ON YOUR BIRTHDAY

If it is Next Week

April 26. Daniel Defoe died in London . . . 1731
27. Herbert Spencer born at Derby . . . 1820
28. Lord Shaftesbury born in London . . . 1801
29. Joan of Arc entered Orleans . . . 1429
30. The Chevalier Bayard killed in Italy . . . 1524
May 1. Joseph Addison born at Milston . . . 1672
2. Leonardo da Vinci died near Amboise . . . 1519

One of the World's Greatest Men

Leonardo da Vinci, one of the world's greatest painters, died near Amboise in France, at 67, on May 2, 1519, to the great grief of the French king, Francis the First, who appreciated him far more than his Italian fellow-countrymen.

Like most of the great painters, Leonardo had passed from city to city to find patrons. He was born near Florence, and at the age of 20 was accepted there as a painter on his own account, free of the schools.

But his interests were many besides painting. He was a sculptor, architect,

Leonardo Da Vinci shows his model flying-machine to his patron Ludovico Sforza.



musician, poet, engineer, mathematician, student of science, a writer of books, and a philosopher.

The wide range of his abilities, combined with his charming manners and handsome features, drew much attention to him, but he never concentrated enough on one or two lines of effort to justify fully his high repute by the works left when he died.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of April 1911

What Science is Doing [For Justice. A stumbling-block in the way of justice has up to the present year been the difficulty of proving that stains were caused by human blood. It could be proved that blood had caused the marks, but not that the blood was that of a human being.

This difficulty has now been overcome, and a German scientist has placed a new weapon in the hands of justice. He can distinguish human blood from any other.

The new test, it is said, cannot fail, and is so sure that the blood of an Egyptian mummy thousands of years old has responded to it.

RUSSIA'S WAY

Russian children are to have practical lessons in Safety First.

Part of the Park of Culture and Rest by the Moscow River is to be laid out as a miniature city with streets equipped with automatic traffic signals. The children will be provided with pedal motor-cars, bicycles, roller skates, and scooters, and will be taught all the rules of the road.

TEN-MILE TUNNEL UNDER WELSH HILLS

Though heavy rains from time to time check progress a remarkable tunnel is being driven into the hills of Wales.

This is a drainage tunnel planned to extend for ten miles under the limestone hills of Flintshire and to carry away the water which floods out the leadmines within them. The stoppage of boring was due to the increased flow of the River Alyn, which runs underground here, and also to an increase in that infiltration of water which it is the purpose of the new tunnel to carry away.

The lead ore is obtained from veins in the limestone, and the deeper the mines become the more subject they are to flooding. A drainage tunnel four miles long, which was dug in 1875 at a higher level than the new tunnel, has long proved incapable of carrying away the water accumulating in a valuable group of mines, but the new tunnel is almost at sea-level, with its mouth at

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS Is NOBODY'S Wanted, a National Water Board

We have no National Road Board and no National Water Board, though clearly both are badly needed.

Pure water and enough of it is everybody's want; but what everybody wants is nobody's business, and the country is as badly off for national control of its water supply as it was 60 years ago. During the two years drought, when many districts were without water, the complaints almost moved the Government to do something.

Almost, but not quite. The National Water Board is still in the skies. Unlike the rain, it has not come to earth.

There is a national association of Fishery Boards, but it is not a Government body. There are scores of local water authorities, all acting from different-offices and without that cooperation which alone would secure effective action. The Government leaves them to settle it among themselves, and they cannot do it. How can they? Mr Hore-Belisha has enough trouble in getting local bodies to act in line with the Ministry of Transport, but if he had no authority over them the death and accident rate would go on mounting.

The Fishery Association, in its indignation at the neglect of the rivers, which have only one friend, the Water Pollution Research Board, speaks plain words about the do-nothing policy.

In the last 60 years seven Royal Commissions, two Select Committees, and many deputations from societies and associations have all recommended in strong terms the setting-up of a central water authority; but so far all these reports and proposals have been in vain.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Listeners to Mr Gaddum's Nature Talk next Tuesday will receive plenty of advice on how best to observe the annual miracle of migration. All over the country birds are arriving from warmer climes, the most noticeable being the swallows, swifts, and martins. Mr Gaddum will describe how the birds prepare for the rearing of their broods.

Other talks of outstanding interest next week will be that on Diplomacy by Commander King-Hall, and Mr Vernon Bartlett's talk on Friday on Foreign Affairs. Friday's Travel Talk is also of interest, dealing in part with the Dardanelles, which is in the public eye just now.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 How Annuals and Perennials Grow: by B. A. Keen. 2.30 Music Course 1, (a) The Semibreve, and Time-Patterns, (b) The Major Scale: by Ernest Read.

TUESDAY, 11.30 Diplomacy: by Stephen King-Hall. 2.5 Return of the Migrants: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 Poetry broadcast arranged by Leila Davies.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 The Father of English Prose: by Rhoda Power. 2.30 The Animal Heart: by A. D. Peacock.

THURSDAY, 11.30 Siam: by Ernest Young. 2.5 Yorkshire—Introduction: by Frank Whitaker. 2.30 The New World of America Takes Shape: by Eileen Power.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Constantinople (Istanbul) and the Straits: by C. D. Forde. 2.30 Music Course 2—Dominant and Tonic: by Thomas Armstrong. 3.35 Foreign Affairs: by Vernon Bartlett.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.5 The Empire Overseas—From Cairo to the Cape: by Miss K. T. McElwee. TUESDAY, 2.5 Scottish Minstrelsy—I, Feud in Scotland: by A. C. MacKenzie.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 Makers of Scotland—The New Industries: by Henry Hamilton. 2.30 As National.

THURSDAY, 2.5 Hills and Valleys of Scotland: by A. G. Ogilvie. 2.30 As National.

FRIDAY, 2.0 Weekly News Review: by Alexander Gray. 3.35 As National.

THE NEWSPAPER THAT READS ITSELF

It is coming—the newspaper that will read itself out to you, the paper for the lazy world.

A new invention has just been perfected by a Mexican engineer which makes it unnecessary even to read the morning paper.

It is rather like an old-fashioned phonograph, and has a big drum on which a sheet some ten inches square is wrapped. The sheet is actually a photograph of the voice of a recorder who has previously read the news into a microphone, and the sound photograph is reconverted into speech by the usual means of a photo-cell and reproducer.

A news service is being arranged by which the morning photograph will be delivered with the mails, and while breakfast is being eaten the machine will read to those seated at the breakfast-table the news of the day.

The Litter Lout Raises Your Rates
Put him down and keep them down

THE SLEUTH DETECTOR

A Wireless Story

By John Mowbray

CHAPTER 15

The Fight in the Dark

WHILE he was racing down the lane, with Toby hard at his heels, Noel reproached himself bitterly for leaving the caravan. And the more so when, as he swung the gate of the meadowside and went rushing across the grass, he saw the darkness under the trees illuminated by a faint light and the night was split again by that strange piercing uproar.

The light was not moving, but a soft diffused glow came from behind the dark outline of the caravan where the tarpaulin for Ambrose stretched across to the trees. Then immediately he recognised the unfamiliar, shrill screaming as that of an animal in terror or pain.

"Quick! There's something being done to Ambrose!" he called over his shoulder.

The horse's screams drowned their approach. So unobserved they dashed round the caravan to break upon a sight which made their blood boil.

Two big farm-lanterns had been set down upon the grass. Their light revealed a dim figure with outstretched arms straining and tugging at the rope of a halter round Ambrose's head, and Ambrose planting his forelegs and fighting each inch. And while the straining figure panted and pulled, and Ambrose resisted, a second man, skipping round him and dodging his heels, rained blows on his quivering flanks and neck.

The merest glance was more than enough to explain. Between them the men had been trying to drag Ambrose away, and the gallant horse was striving to stand his ground.

With a roar Noel flew at the figure plying the stick—though no stick it proved, but a sharpened stake wrenched from the hedge. Simultaneously Toby dived at the other man's knees, and the shock not only parted his hands from the rope but brought him down heavily. Then they rolled on the ground together, Toby and his man, each endeavouring to pin the other down, and upsetting one of the lanterns, which rolled on its side and went out.

The sagacious horse stood quite still while the struggle raged round him. His flanks were heaving piteously, his head drooped, the halter's rope was dangling in front of his chest. He might have shaken his body, throbbing with pain, or have attempted to rid himself violently of the halter, but those interlocked couples were writhing and wrestling beneath him and the horse remained as motionless as a rock.

He knew the danger. And long after that fearful night the shaggy, untrained, horse's wondrous control was to live, when the story came out, on the lips of the dalesmen.

But soon the mixed combat was separating itself. Noel had worked his man toward the hedge and was gripping his throat; Toby had been shaken off, but clutched his opponent's ankle and was being dragged along the grass as the man tried to flee. Tenaciously Toby clung on, his position inglorious but not ineffective. And now the fellow stopped and turned, stooping, to strike him, but, losing his balance, fell headlong, full upon Toby, who, though obliged to let go of the ankle, succeeded in wrenching it. Purposely or not, he never could tell; but, whichever the case, the act did not cost him one pang, for a scoundrel who could behave so foully to Ambrose deserved a bit more than a twisted ankle!

"I hope I've hurt you!" said Toby, struggling upright and hearing the hiss of a swift breath of pain. He could not see the man's face, the light was too bad, but his clothes had a rough earthy smell like those of a labourer. "And I'm not going to bind your beastly ankle up for you," Toby added in the fury of his indignation. "But I'll give you a hand up and you can buzz off! Now, then!" He took the prostrate man by the hand. "Up you come!" The young labourer steadied himself on one foot. "I bear you no malice, Mister!" he blurted out suddenly. And he limped away into the darkness.

With a lump on his cheekbone which felt as big as an egg, Toby ran to help Noel.

And not before time. For, strong and tough as he was, Noel's head had begun to swim from a blow on the chin and a couple of heavy jabs on the ear that surprised him. Expecting a rough-and-tumble, as at the start, he had little reckoned to find a skilled boxer opposed to him. And the greater his surprise when the moon, coming suddenly, had given him a distinct glimpse of that expert's features;

The man who had wriggled like an eel from Noel's grasp in the ditch, the man who was now on his toes, flashing blows at Noel, darting in and out, with a silent snarl on his lips, was the last man Noel would have pictured as a finished boxer. The flickering lantern lent them no light, the moon had again disappeared, but that one glimpse had revealed to Noel beyond any mistake the ugly shoulders of Stein.

"You!" he had gasped. And it was just as Noel was gasping that *You!* that Stein's fist had smashed the blow on the point of his chin.

Noel might have backed and retreated. Stein might have made his escape, but his mind was not set that way. Just one more blow like the last and this lad would be put out of action, as undoubtedly his companion must be by now, and then by some means or other their horse could be rendered no good to them. Thus calculating, Stein pranced in the shadows round his enemy, waiting for the return of the moon to enable him to deliver the knock-out blow.

The moon sailed back. Stein steadied himself on his toes, then feinted, side-stepped, and drove out his left to Noel's chin. Behind that blow went all the weight of Stein's body. But instead of landing on Noel it landed on Toby who, arriving in that very instant of light, had timed his rush with such perfection that his shoulder met Stein's fist. Toby went down in a heap, not quite sure what had struck him. Before Stein could recover his own balance Noel leaped in to smother him by pinning his arms to his side, thus proving that however far he fell short as a pugilist he could put up a reasonable imitation of a bear hugging—which held sufficiently long for Toby to find time to rise and give a hand.

CHAPTER 16

The Writing Desk

HAVING thrown up the sponge, Stein mumbled and spluttered a great deal, but both of them were too exhausted to reply in the only way which they felt he had merited. Toby managed to stammer, "We should like to thrash you, you hound, for belabouring old Ambrose with that cruel stake," but Noel, whose grip was hard on their prisoner's collar, shook his head and said, "See if the caravan's all right, old man."

"Can you hold him while I'm gone?" "Trust me," Noel said grimly, as he pressed his closed knuckles down between Stein's collar and neck. Yet he need not have troubled, for the man had no more fight in him.

In an agony lest his radio set had been damaged, Toby darted up the steps of the caravan. But the door remained locked as he had left it. Still, he had to make sure, so he used his key and went in, then, lighting up, he made a hasty inspection. There stood everything in its usual apple-pie order. So apparently no attempt had been made to break in.

Out he came, rejoicing. "It's all right," he uttered. "And lucky for you that it is," Noel said fiercely to Stein.

Then they discussed what to do with the man. The answer was obviously "Nothing." They couldn't detain him. His companion had gone. "With a souvenir," chuckled Toby. "With a jolly sprained ankle, old man, to remember us by!" Toby's spirits were rising after their victory.

So were Noel's now. For after all, he reflected, it might have been so much worse. "If we hadn't come in the nick of time," he told Toby, as soon as they had sent the crushed Stein to the right-about, and as soon as they had comforted and attended to Ambrose, searching his shaggy coat for cuts or abrasions, finding none—"if we hadn't come, old man, in the very nick of time there's no telling what might have happened."

Only then did either give a thought to his own bruises. There was lint and ointment in their store-cupboard, and they had renewed their fresh-water supply. As he washed his barked knuckles Noel exclaimed, "Don't you twig what they wanted? I can see through Stein's game. He intended to lead Ambrose away and hide him—"

"Perhaps at The Towers?" "Well, anywhere," said Noel. "Then he meant to take care that we couldn't hire another horse—"

"He could easily forbid Sir Pascal's tenants to loan one?"

"Of course. So here we'd have been without any horse; unable, that is to say, to trundle away again."

Continued on page 14



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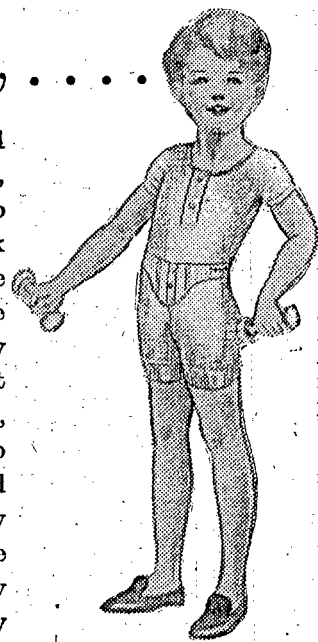
Johnnie's getting so much stronger now

you know he always used to catch colds so easily, and I was afraid not to muffle him up—I took him to the doctor—he told me I was keeping the child weak with too many clothes—told me to get Aertex for him—he said, if you cover the skin too much it can't breathe and doesn't function properly . . . He seems to have been right, anyway Johnnie's wonderfully sturdy now, and he wore Aertex all last winter, too.



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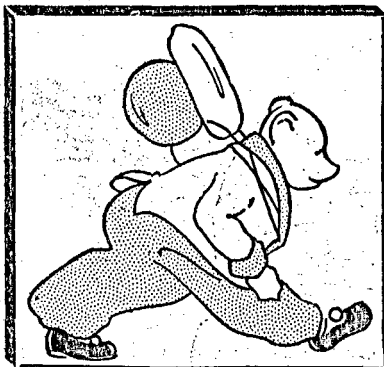


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Continued from page 13

"But how would that help Sir Pascal?" said Toby reflectively.

"Enormously. They would have us here under their eye. We'd popped our heads into the lion's mouth, and they meant to take jolly good care to keep them there, Toby! You see?" Noel cried earnestly. "Oh, it's plain as a pikestaff!"

Toby smiled. "I suppose you use pike-staffs still in the Colonies," he twitted, "but I've never seen one myself. Still, I'm sure you're right," he owned, growing serious again. "Sir Pascal wants to keep you here bang under his eye, so that he can see you don't get up to mischief against him. He doesn't want you to rush off to London, for instance, and try to spoke his wheel somehow with the invention."

"I could kick myself," Noel confessed. "I played into their hands. Of course that labourer had been told to watch if we left the caravan by itself, and then to hare off for Stein."

"Well," Toby offered lamely, "all's well that ends well."

But all was not so well, as they discovered in the morning when Meg came over soon after they'd finished their breakfast, and while they were doing their washing-up at the pond darted off to give the caravan a dust round for them.

She returned with a rather straight face and marched up to Toby.

"Toby," she said, "have you been at my locker?"

"No," Toby said lightly.

"Have you, Noel?"

"No," laughed Noel. "I didn't know you had one."

"I mean a little locker at the far end that I adopted when Toby and I were touring with Father last summer. I used it for my drawing-paper and pencils."

"Oh," said Noel. "Well, I haven't been to it."

She appealed to Toby again. "You know the locker I mean, Toby?"

"Yes, of course," he answered, thinking her strangely persistent.

"And you haven't been to it? Certain?"

"No, I haven't, Meg. Honestly."

"All right, then." Her face changed.

"I'll tell you why I am asking. You came away in such a hurry, you two, that I quite forgot to clear that locker of mine. I had left in some unused drawing-paper and

pencils, and my writing desk that used to belong to Mother; that old-fashioned desk, Toby."

"Yes, I know," he said.

"There were quite a number of letters locked up in it."

"Well?" Toby protested carelessly.

"What if there were?"

"Only this," she remarked in a quiet tone. "They're not there now."

"What a misbelieving juggins you are!" he retorted. "I've told you more than once that I never touched them."

"For which kind remarks many thanks," she returned, her eyes flashing, and was thinking up some compliment to match his "juggins," when Noel, whose face had been growing longer, broke in.

"Listen, Meg!" he implored. "Are you absolutely certain that you did leave that writing desk with the letters in your locker?"

"Are you," she inquired severely, "as stupid as Toby?"

"No—I mean, yes," he stammered, looking confused.

"But, Meg—don't be angry. You couldn't have forgotten, could you, taking the desk out at the last minute?"

"No. And I shouldn't have forgotten breaking it either."

"Breaking it!" he ejaculated.

"Yes, wrenching it open."

"But why ever didn't you say that at first?" shouted Toby.

"I told you I had left the letters locked up," she said, "so it might be plain to even your puny intelligence that nobody can take letters from a locked desk without either using the key or wrenching it open. And as my key happens to be at home," she was continuing elaborately, with the scorn she felt Toby deserved, when Noel intervened again.

"Meg, I'm every bit as stupid as Toby," he grinned, "but I didn't wrench your desk open, that I promise you. But I know who did. It was Stein!"

The last flicker of her annoyance with Toby died out. "Sorry, old boy," she murmured when she noticed how troubled he looked. Then, swinging round upon Noel, "Quick! Tell me!" she bade.

So they took her across the meadow to Ambrose, who was grazing with excellent appetite at his favourite spot, and on the way they described what had happened.

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO DOES A LITTLE FISHING

It was such a glorious day that Mother today—that will be quite enough punishment for him."

Jacko said they should have tea in the garden.

"The sun makes me feel fine," said Father Jacko. "'Pon my word, it's quite hot; might be summer!"

The sun made Jacko feel fine too. And when Jacko felt fine he generally felt unusually mischievous.



Baby was staring up at the tree

It really was too bad of him to bring out that old chair. Mother Jacko couldn't be expected to notice that the leg was broken until she sat down on it.

Of course her weight just finished things. If Father Jacko hadn't sprung forward in time to catch her she would have gone down with a terrific bump.

Father Jacko shook his fist at Jacko. "I don't like these practical jokes," he said as he went into the house.

When his father came back, flourishing the cane, Jacko was up in a tree, well out of reach.

"Come down!" demanded Father.

But Mother Jacko said: "Let him stay where he is; he'll have no tea

put out her hand for a cake. The plate was empty! She could hardly believe it. Someone was eating a hearty meal. She looked inquiringly at Baby. Baby was staring up at the tree.

"Funny Jacko!" he said, and, jumping up, he tried to catch hold of a fork which was dangling over the table on the end of a bit of string.

The other end was in Jacko's hand.

"So that's where the cakes have gone!" exclaimed his mother. "You naughty boy!" she burst out. "What shall I do with you?"

"Nothing," said Father Jacko grimly, picking up the cane and shaking it. "You can leave that to me!"



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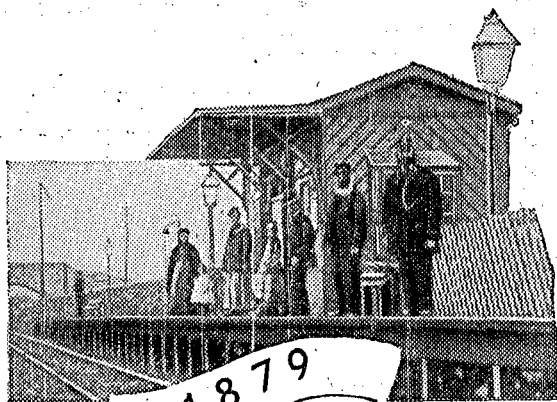
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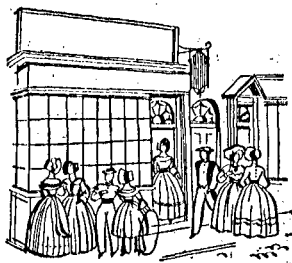
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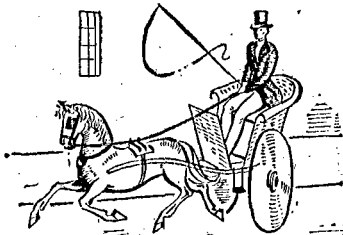


1879

Bournville Station in 1879. The railway running through Bournville in 1879 was an old single-line branch of the Midland Railway which terminated half a mile from the centre of the town.



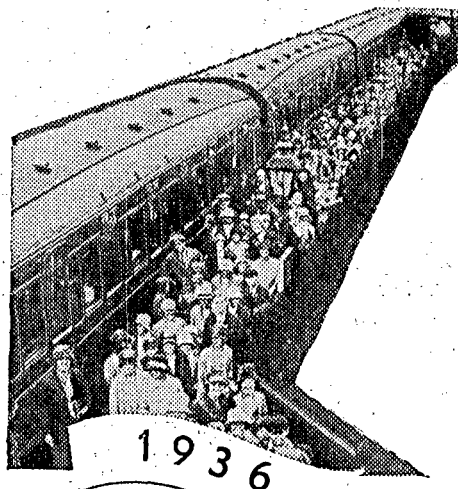
The shop in Bull Street, Birmingham, where John Cadbury started business in 1824, and introduced cocoa nibs to the public. The shop was the first in Birmingham to have a glass window. One assistant was employed—a Chinaman in native costume.



The picture above shows a Cadbury salesman of sixty years ago setting out from Cadbury's factory to take orders for cocoa and chocolate. Note the top hat and his one-horse-power chariot-like conveyance.

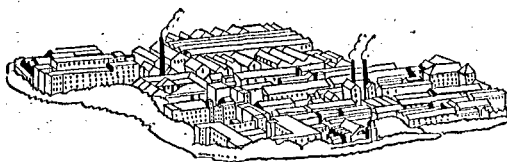


The label of a popular packet of chocolate sold by Cadburys from 1840 until 1870. The illustration is of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. In 1853 Cadburys received the Royal Appointment as Cocoa Manufacturers to Queen Victoria.

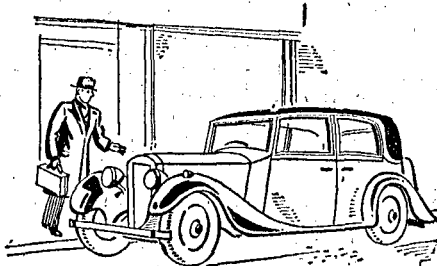


1936

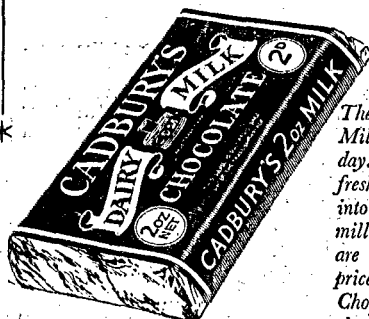
Bournville Station to-day. The photograph shows the arrival of a special train bringing visitors to Cadbury's factory. These visitors total 150,000 a year.



Cadbury's modern cocoa and chocolate factory at Bournville. It covers over 8,000,000 square feet—equivalent to 170 football pitches. The cocoa block alone has over 1,000 windows. 2½ million bricks were used in its construction. The employees total 8,000.

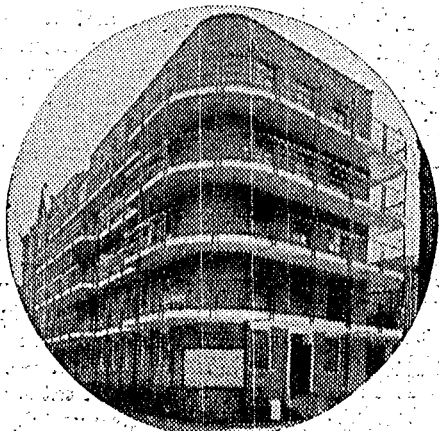


The drawing shows a Cadbury salesman of to-day. Over 200,000 shops stock Cadburys Chocolate. The sales of Cadburys Milk Chocolate are nearly 8 times greater than 20 years ago.



The familiar 2-oz. Cadbury Milk Chocolate block of to-day. Price 2d. ½ a cup of fresh, full-cream milk goes into each of these blocks. 20 million gallons of fresh milk are used every year. The price of Cadburys Milk Chocolate is less than half that of ten years ago.

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THE INFANTS HOSPITAL—the first Hospital of its kind to be founded in Europe—was established in 1903 for the treatment of the diseases and disorders of nutrition. There are now 100 cots; accommodation for seven Nursing Mothers; an Out-patient Department; X-Ray; Artificial Sunlight and Massage Departments; a Research Laboratory; a Lecture Theatre; and a Milk Laboratory. The work carried on in the wards is supplemented by the Convalescent Home at Burnham, Bucks, with eighteen cots.

THE HOSPITAL IS ENTIRELY DEPENDENT UPON VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS FOR ITS MAINTENANCE. FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED.

President: H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL. Chairman: LORD KEMSLEY.

Subscriptions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the Secretary:

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL,
Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W.1.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

April 25, 1936

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

THE BRAN TUB

The Puzzle of the Corked Bottle

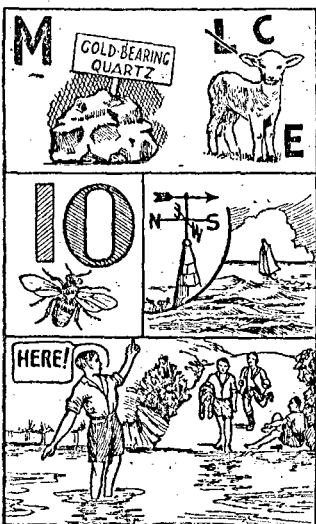
A MAN had a bottle three parts full, and it was corked in the ordinary way. He had no cork-screw and could not draw the cork out. How could he get at the contents without piercing the cork or breaking the glass of the bottle?

Answer next week

Showmanship

THE patrons of the side-show at the fair were dissatisfied. "He's not a dwarf," protested one man of about five feet six; "he's nearly as tall as I am." "That's the marvellous thing about him," replied the showman. "He's the world's tallest dwarf."

What Are These Places?



THESE puzzle pictures represent four places of which coloured poster stamps are to be given with next week's C.N. Do you know what they are? Answer next week

This Week in Nature

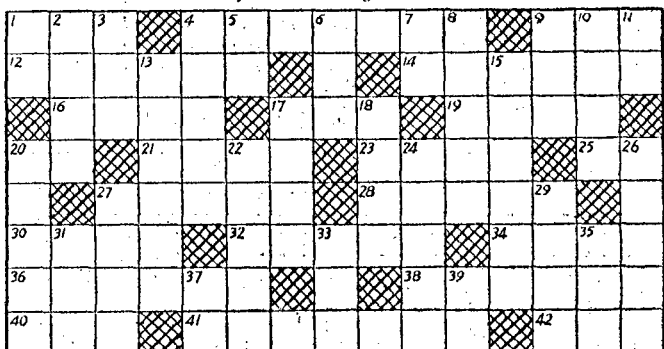
THE whitethroat arrives from wintering in Africa. It is the commonest of the Warbler tribe and may be found more or less plentifully throughout England. It has a habit of frequenting nettles, sometimes even building among them, and this gives rise to the name Nettle-Creeper by which it is known in many districts.

A Grumpy Old Teacher

A GRUMPY old teacher one day went out in the playground to play. But he simply stood still, and sighed "Though I've the will, I'm afraid I've forgotten the way!"

The CN Cross Word Puzzle

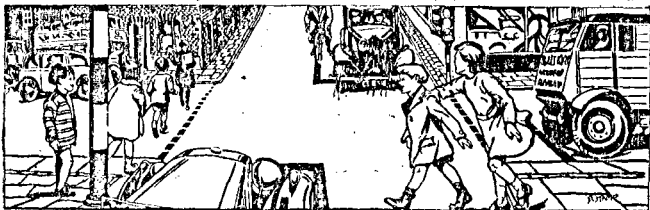
Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues below. Answer next week



Reading Across. 1. Merry. 4. News. 9. Devoured. 12. A wild cat of tropical America. 14. Dress. 16. Comes from the clouds. 17. The cry of a cat. 19. Sparse. 20. You and me. 21. To penetrate with the teeth. 23. At the top. 25. French for and. 27. To return. 28. The folded-back part of a coat. 30. A fur-bearing sea animal. 32. Lets out water. 34. A contest of speed. 36. A pendant ornament of twisted threads. 38. An inhabitant of Tuscany. 40. Before. 41. To wind or turn. 42. Termination.

Reading Down. 1. To proceed. 2. A land measure. 3. Yes. 4. Medicine. 5. Pronoun of neuter gender. 6. Wrath. 7. Georgia. 8. Used for sharpening razors. 9. A tune. 10. A big plant. 11. Early English. 13. Defamatory writings. 15. Becomes smaller in diameter at one end. 17. A lake. 18. To step along. 20. Unrequired surplus. 22. A thin, open-net fabric. 24. To sense flavour. 26. To extend in a particular direction. 27. To level with the ground. 29. Used for fastening a shoe. 31. Organ of hearing. 33. Familiar name for a girl. 35. A container. 37. Printer's measure. 39. Abraham's native place.

The Safety First Frieze



Never try to cross when the traffic is about to start

How To Hold a Rabbit

IT is often believed that rabbits should be lifted by their ears. This causes pain to the animal, however. The correct way to lift a pet rabbit is to grasp the skin just above the shoulders and rest the animal in the palm of the free hand. If we remember to do this we can avoid all unnecessary suffering on the part of the rabbit.

Who Are These Ladies?

WHICH lady is it whose company no one seeks?

What ladies are those whose days are all unlucky?

Which lady is always making blunders?

What lady causes many quarrels?

Which lady is a bad dressmaker?

What ladies can never find anything when they want it?

Answer next week

Not Taking the Hint

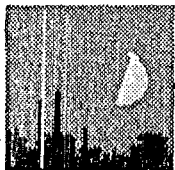
THE tramp had just finished an excellent meal provided by the farmer's wife.

"This is merely a suggestion," said the good lady, "but the wood pile is in the back-yard."

"Really?" queried the tramp. "What a splendid place for it!"

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Mercury and Mars are low in the West-North-West and Neptune is in the South. In the morning Jupiter is in the South-West and Saturn low in the East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 9.30 p.m. on Tuesday, April 28.



Rocket Air Post

How long will it be before our letters are sent by rocket post?

Here are the label and the postmark used on letters carried in America's first rocket aeroplane flight, which was also the first time letters have ever been carried

in a rocket driven by liquid fuel. All earlier flights were made with powder fuel.

A small aluminium monoplane was used, and in February attempts were made to shoot the rocket-plane between Greenwood Lake in New York and Hewitt in New



Jersey. The fuel used was liquid oxygen and a mixture of alcohol, gasoline, and other hydrocarbons. The terrific velocity of the plane, however, caused the wings to crumple during the second attempt and the plane fell to the ice-covered lake after travelling only 800 feet.

What Nelson Did Not Know

LORD NELSON never knew that a steamship could cross the Atlantic. He never saw a house lighted by gas or electricity. He never sent a telegram or travelled in a railway train. He never saw a photograph, nor dreamed of such a thing as a telephone or phonograph. He never heard of dynamite. He did not know, when his arm was being cut off, that chloroform could have made him quite unconscious of the pain that he bore.

Puzzle Sentence

HERE is a sentence which, read in a certain way, contains a piece of useful advice:

Everyone should be Man making mischief wife.

Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



la batte bat le pêcheur fisherman la raquette racket

Trois frères ont congé. Jeannot jouera avec la batte, Charles avec la raquette. Pierre est pêcheur et il va sur la rivière.

Three brothers have a holiday. Jack will play with his bat, Charles with his racket. Peter is a fisherman and is going on the river.

Tongue-Twister

QUIXOTE QUICKSIGHT quizzed a queerish quidbox; Did Quixote Quicksight quiz a queerish quidbox? If Quixote Quicksight quizzed a queerish quidbox, Where's the queerish quidbox Quixote Quicksight quizzed?

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Riddle in Rhyme. An eclipse. What Are These Places? Blackpool, Southend, Buxton, Clacton.

The Fastest-Man Problem. One only; for after he has eaten one he is not empty.

Boheading. Spark, park, ark.

Four Picture-Puzzle Proverbs Little boats should keep near the shore. Honey is sweet, but the bee stings. The new broom sweeps clean. Large trees give more shelter than fruit.

Five-Minute Story

Trix Gives It Up

THE postman had given Mollie a tortoise as a birthday present, and had told her that it would eat slugs in the garden.

"Nonsense!" Father had said, scratching its wrinkly neck. "You only eat vegetables, don't you, old fellow?"

They put it on the lawn, and presently it walked slowly toward the border. Then Trix, who was black and tan and fluffy, stood over it and tried to bite its head, and it popped into its shell and said "S-s-s-s!"

Trix was pulled away, but all that day, if she was not watched, she sat over the tortoise waiting for it to put its head out. The next day she seemed to have got used to it and let it crawl about as it liked.

One day, soon after, Mother said, "Who has been digging in the border, rooting up the seedlings I planted? Look!" And she showed where all the earth was turned over and the poor little seedlings were lying limp and drooping. Mother planted them again and gave them water.

Then it happened again. It was a great mystery. Mother tidied up once more and then went and looked out of the drawing-room window. Presently she called, "Mollie, come and look! Trix is doing something very funny."

The tortoise was on the lawn, and Trix sniffed it all over. Then she went to the border and dug a hole with her front paws. She went back to the tortoise and rolled it over and over toward her hole till it was right in, then turned her back on it and buried it by kicking the earth over it with her hind legs.

What was Trix's idea? She can't talk, so no one knows the inside of her doggy brain. She walked off, and when Mother and Mollie got to the tortoise it was getting out quite happily. Being buried is nothing to a tortoise, it buries itself every winter.

Trix was led to the spot and smacked; but next day she buried the tortoise again, and this time it nearly died. Mother saw the border in a fearful mess, and the earth in the middle was moving. She found the poor tortoise buried on its back, and as a tortoise can't turn itself over it might have starved. That was too bad.

This time Trix was smacked hard, and now she is cured; and the tortoise eats down a daisy plant with a nasty smell that comes up in the garden every year in spite of Mother pulling it up. So, though it doesn't eat slugs, it certainly is very useful.

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of all these Frocks



EVERY young needlewoman ought to get a copy of this new BESTWAY book. First, because it contains FREE patterns for all these pretty little frocks—and wouldn't you be proud to wear one of them if it was your own handiwork! Next, because it is simply packed with all sorts of charming designs of frocks for everyday, 'best' and holiday wear. Ask for



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